Canadian Pub. Lib. DEC 28 1933

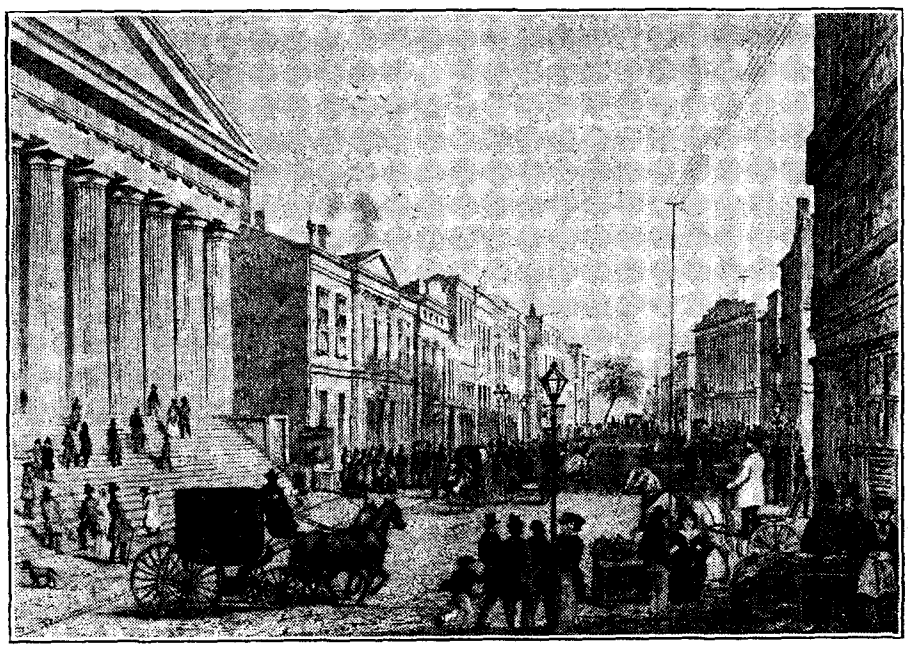
JAN 1 5 1934

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1933 — NUMBER 23



WALL STREET AT THE BEGINNING OF STEDMAN'S CAREER
From an engraving by J. A. Rolph

A Symbol of Strength

LETTERS OF GROVER CLEVELAND: 1850-1908. *Edited by Allan Nevins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1933. $5.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

GROVER CLEVELAND retired from the Presidency in 1897, repudiated by the dominant element of his own party, but he lived long enough to enjoy a fair measure of vindication for the course he had pursued. Some of his friends still lingering on the scene may shudder as they witness fresh departures from his principles by the New Dealers, but no doubt they find satisfaction in hearing his name used as a rallying cry by those who are demanding "gold dollars as against baloney dollars." For the "sound money" men of today, as for their fathers forty years ago, Cleveland stands as "a symbol of strength and firmness, of rock-like integrity in the midst of the shifting sands, heat, and desolation." The present volume bears out the characterization.

In making available at this time a comprehensive collection of President Cleveland's unofficial correspondence, Professor Nevins has provided an admirable supplement to his excellent biography of the old warrior, and has performed a useful service to students of national affairs, both past and present. Times and problems have changed; some of Cleveland's ideas now seem a bit stuffy, some of his policies outmoded, but from others and from his sturdy character, his devotion to principles and duty, and from his robust courage, we may still draw inspiration, suggestion, and guidance.

Of the six hundred pages of this book, only about one-tenth contain letters written by Cleveland prior to his entrance into the White House in 1885. The remainder are divided about equally between four periods: his first and second administrations, the interim between them, and the eleven years that followed his retirement from Washington. The letters, for the most part, were addressed to personal friends and political associates and acquaintances, and disclose his views on virtually all the major public questions of his time. Few family letters are included, none written to Mrs. Cleveland. Since Professor Nevins believes that the present collection "contains nearly all of Cleveland's letters that are important to the student of his life and times," it may be assumed that much of the family correspondence was not saved or is of little value. Even if there were a substantial body of it, we may be reasonably certain that Cleveland would not have wanted it used, for he had an almost fierce determination to shield his family and family affairs from the public gaze.

(*Continued on page 370*)

After Dunbar

By LEONARD BACON

THIS world stands under an evil star.
And I read the litany of Dunbar,
And the term of beauty and poetry.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

That befell him, which must befall,
The splendid Mistral, flower of them all
That in our times have chanted free.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

There was Francis Thompson grieving and praying,
That hearkened the hound of Heaven baying.
Yet he suffered and vanished, as needs must be.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

What secret terror could maim and stun
The valiant soul of John Davidson,
When the runable stag must sink in the sea?
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Hellas and Troyland quaked and shook
When the mort was blowing for Rupert Brooke,
And an end to courage and courtesy.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

And Elinor Wylie's body broken
Ere the last of the noble utterance was spoken,
That was too lovely ever to be.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

How came the lightning and hurricane
To havoc the spirit of poor Hart Crane?
Go ask of the cobalt Carib sea.
Timor mortis conturbat me.

They wrote their hearts out royal and red.
They sang their morning song. Now they are dead.
Shall we prattle of immortality?
Timor mortis conturbat me.

Pan in Wall Street*

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

ON the ninth of April, 1851, the faculty of Yale College, consisting, in that happy day, of some twenty gentlemen, met in the rooms of President Woolsey to transact their regular weekly business. This consisted very largely of promoting the discipline of the college by imposing penalties upon unruly boys. In the course of the afternoon their attention was drawn to the case of a diminutive sophomore, seventeen years old; that of "Stedman, soph," as the minutes of the faculty laconically put it, whose offence was so heinous that even his respectable record as a student could not ameliorate it. The name of Edmund Stedman of Norwich was already known to the small body of judges about to condemn him to the block. He was a young gentleman of scholarly attainments and of literary promise; but unfortunately he was also known for an incurable tendency to mischief, or, as the secretary of the faculty phrased it, to "riotous behavior." His transgression consisted in "having been present at a dance-house near the head of the wharf," which he had, apparently, visited more than once. On this fatal night his exploits ended in a skirmish with the police, who had, it would appear, intruded upon the festivities, and carried off their tiny captive in great triumph. By them he was delivered up to the still more savage officers of the academic world. Punishment was condign. The boy was dismissed, and the college purged of the evil thing within its bosom. Edmund was seen no more in the elm-shaded yard of the college or in the dance-house at the head of the wharf.

Shall we permit our imagination to dwell for a moment in that provincial pleasure palace?—that dingy dancing floor lit by ill-smelling oil lamps, and filled with the riff-raff of the southern New England coast? "What a set!" Wharf-rats, rum-sodden sailors just off a coaster with freight from Jamaica, dusky Portugese from the Azores, farmers' lads from up state, Connecticut hicks out to raise or steal enough money to get started for California—all riotously hobnobbing with New Haven harlots, bums, and niggers—nay, negresses too, seeking whom they might devour. For is it not recorded, on excellent authority, that this dance house was frequented by "women of all colors and shades"? Enter to these our diminutive Yale sophomore with his long hair and rather girlish face, determined to see life, and, if necessary, to brave the police (or the "minions of the law," as he would have called them), likely at any moment to entrap the lot. Fumes of brandy and clay pipes, oaths and blasphemy, noise as of Gehenna, above which sang the shrill, discordant music that beat time for the dancers and kept the whole devil's kitchen in motion. Life! life in the raw, to be sure, the very scum of festering existence, but life such as youth of seventeen longs to inspect—something far removed from the respectabilities of Norwich and the Greek class of Assistant Professor James Hadley.

Not a world, I suppose, to which one would choose to expose a boy of seventeen, yet not wholly unsuited to the education of a poet, for the Devil has his part in the inspiration of poets, as the career of Robert Burns may prove. How Whitman would have delighted in the scene at our wharf! But America as yet knew not the name of Whitman, and four years were yet to come before the first printing of "Leaves of Grass." Now if the Muses—and the devil—instead of betraying the youngster into the hands of the New Haven police, had but opened his eyes to all the wonder of that dancing crew and all the poetry that lay hidden there, what a piece might have been written. No "Creole Lover's Song," but a New England parallel to the "Jolly Beggars." But it was not so decreed, and Stedman followed another and a well-trodden path.

That path led straight to a contrast no less spectacular than the one at which we have glanced. Stedman, having attained years of discretion and a position in the literary world, proudly accepted the invitation to write and deliver the festival Ode at the bicentennial celebration of the founding of Yale. I was present at that two hundredth anniversary, but as a youngster I was not permitted to enter the college chapel and mingle with faculty, alumni, and distinguished guests to hear the aged poet read his "tribute" to Mother Yale, "Mater Coronata," just fifty years after that stern matron had expelled him from her family. I can well remember my resentment at being excluded, and my lively suspicion that I was perhaps as much interested in poetry as some of those who were admitted. But I was privileged to see the poet after he had emerged from Battell Chapel, a somewhat smallish man, with kindly eyes and a beard of Olympian splendor. I looked upon him with awe as the banker-poet and the man who had declined a professorship, the leader of the poetic world at the opening of a new century in America.

Even in the year 1901 the Tennysonian tradition was wearing a little thin, and with the death of the great queen, it was seen to have entered, as it were, into its

* From a centenary address delivered before the American Academy, November 9, 1933.

This Week

SAMUEL PEPYS: THE MAN IN THE MAKING
By ARTHUR BRYANT
Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott

BEETHOVEN AS HE LIVED
By RICHARD SPECHT
Reviewed by Edward Ballantine

INTERNAL REVENUE
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Reviewed by Arthur Colton

ALONG THIS WAY
By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

JUNIPERO SERRA
By AGNES REPPLIER
Reviewed by Herbert Ingram Priestley

THE GREAT TRADITION
By GRANVILLE HICKS
Reviewed by Lewis Mumford

Next Week or Later

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY: VOLS. XII, XIII
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

final quarter. In England it still held the allegiance of Stephen Phillips and in America of Stedman; but the new dawn, which Stedman hailed in the prefatory poem to the American Anthology, had none of the golden glory which still sheds a lustre on the nineteenth century. It was a grey and chilly dawn for those poets who still wrote in what may be termed the Late Decorated manner.

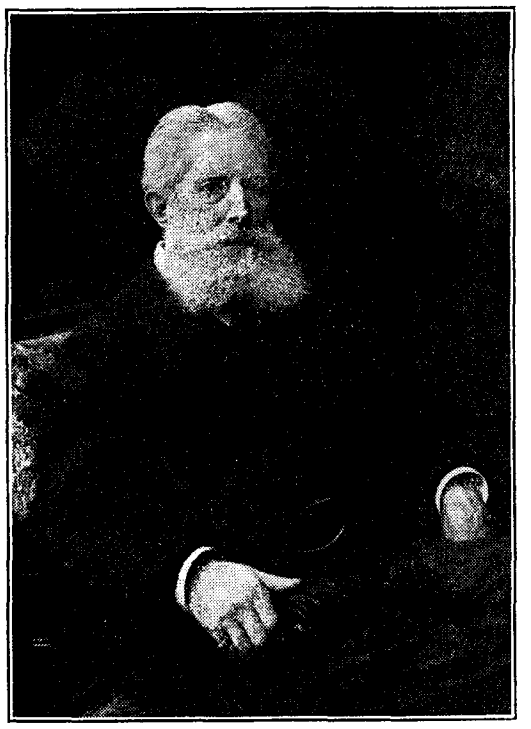
In asking Stedman to be the poet of her bicentennial, Yale University paid tribute to a gift for which he had long been eminent. He was at his best on such occasions, and might fairly claim to be a successor of Dr. Holmes in such verse as is written to celebrate recurrent festivals, the unveiling of statues, the birthdays of poets, class reunions, and other important anniversaries. In supplying such demands he was always appropriate, felicitous, and commendably brief.

The winnowing fan of time has blown to the four winds of heaven most of the pleasant literature of the eighties and nineties. The ideals of that now-distant age cannot be expected to prevail in our distracted and wrathful world—their sentiments how commendable, their patriotism how provincial, their religion how easy! It must have been comfortable to have felt their sure faith in the future:

No sunrise chant on ancient shore and sea,
Since sang the morning stars, more worth shall be
Than ours, once uttered from the very heart
Of the glad race that here shall act its part.

But that race, with its pleasant convictions and illusions fallen in ruins about its feet, has long since been robbed of its gladness, and now does, in very truth, face a new day, but such a one as was never glimpsed by the poets of the last century. How shall their childlike confidence avail to quiet our pulses today?

But even in the glad times through which Mr. Stedman lived the lot of the man's personality as any that he wrote. Pan was, with him, a favorite figure, not only because he reminded Stedman of Theocritus, but because Pan was himself a poet and the patron of poets; and when, later, Stedman selected a design for a bookplate, he caused shepherd Pan to be represented on it as sitting under an oak tree piping to two nude figures at his feet. The old legend of the Greek sailors who heard the cry, "Great Pan is dead," borne to them from an island in the Ægean Sea, was in his mind as he composed this ballad. The rejection of the divine Pan by the great, bustling, splendid, wicked street was to him a symbol of the repudiation of the singer in modern society. At the time when he wrote the poem he desired nothing more than to devote his career wholeheartedly and exclusively to poetry; but conditions of life made it impossible. He must necessarily enter that world of finance which had no ear and no leisure for poetry. He was, in a sense, that very Sicilian organ-grinder who had wandered carelessly to the steps of the Treasury building. He was himself Pan in Wall Street.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
Reproduced by courtesy of The American Academy of Arts and Letters.

As the years advanced, Stedman's position and function in the literary world of America became more apparent. We cannot, I am sure, What Stedman would have thought of our more clamorous and disillusioned poets we can but conjecture, and it is perhaps as well that our meditations should be made in the silence and privacy of our closets.

The publication of the two anthologies, the Victorian in 1897, and the American in 1900, brought Stedman more renown than any of his own rather tepid poetry. There was something affluent about them in their stout crimson buckram, something of the majestic confidence of that *fin de siècle*. These collections aimed to be definitive, and the latter was so in a very particular sense. Nobody knew the field of American poetry as did Stedman; none was more eager to include in his book whatever was worthy. His wide-spread nets took in all the fish in the two seas and in the Five Great Lakes. Only one flounder escaped him, a resident abroad, who as one who had severed all American connections, desired to be omitted from Mr. Stedman's Pantheon. But nobody missed him in the crush. The anthology extended to 773 large octavo pages, printed in double columns, and included exactly 582 names. As one turned over the pages containing the contributions of living poets, one could not but feel that, if numbers were significant, the nation could

Stedman's distinction lay in being a banker. I cannot but feel that Stedman was one who served by remaining in the world. It was his destiny to be Pan in Wall Street. He represented poetry not only among the poets of America and in its Academy, but also in the workaday world of affairs (as they would have phrased it in the nineties). He was urbane, and, if I may use the word, presentable. He had the gift of exposition and the art of representing the poetic brotherhood before the so-called practical men. He was the Ambassador from Parnassus, very literally *chargé d'affaires*. He could plead the cause of poetry before the publishers. He could and he did persuade people to read poetry—even to buy it.

Where shall we today find such a one? Where is the poet who illustrates and defends the sound orthodox tradition, yet commands respect and attention in the forum of the world? The poets ought to have something to say to us today; ideally they ought of course to lead us out of the wilderness into which we have wandered. But, ironically enough, they are attempting to get on without a public; many of them despise the people who can alone support them, and pelt critics and professors and academicians with their choicest epithets, though these are the only classes left who feel a responsibility for buying and reading their wares. O for a mediator between us!

Stedman belonged to a generation who believed in poetry as indispensable not only to the soul of man but to civilization itself. It was a bond and a bulwark. It kept alive the faculty of vision, and was ever aware of the splendor of the human spirit so strangely mingled with the dust of the earth, and, because of this faith, it desired to bring poetry into living and daily contact with the world of men. Stedman died in a happy hour, before the divorce of poets from the public, and he bequeathed to posterity the memory of his catholic taste, his sturdy and intelligent conservatism, his tolerance, his

Street," written as early as 1867, and generally held to be his masterpiece. Its chance of ultimate survival is as good, I think, as that of any of his once popular pieces, better than that of the "Ballad of Lager Bier," or the "World Well Lost," or "Si Jeunesse Savait," or even "Kearney at Seven Pines." It may now even hope to survive the Street itself. Like all Stedman's better work, it is in light vein and buoyant style; the verse is as easy as an old shoe, the sentiment intelligible to him who runs—features indispensable to the poet who sings to Wall Street. The vision of the great god Pan suddenly appearing under Trinity spire in the guise of a Sicilian organ-grinder is, I think, the happiest that ever visited Stedman's imagination. I have but one regret about "Pan in Wall Street," and that is that the poet was prevailed upon by a Bostonian editor to alter the delightful line,

Though pants he wore of mongrel hue, to
And trousers, patched of divers hues.

Alas, alas for the sense of propriety that afflicted the *Atlantic Monthly* in the sixties. What should a poet call the nether garments of a Dago organ-grinder if not *pants*?

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival in the ears of people,
The quarter chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,
Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians....

In spite of its purely objective quality, this poem reveals as much of Mr. Stedman's personality as any that he wrote. Pan was, with him, a favorite figure, not only because he reminded Stedman of Theocritus, but because Pan was himself a poet and the patron of poets; and when, later, Stedman selected a design for a bookplate, he caused shepherd Pan to be represented on it as sitting under an oak tree piping to two nude figures at his feet. The old legend of the Greek sailors who heard the cry, "Great Pan is dead," borne to them from an island in the Ægean Sea, was in his mind as he composed this ballad. The rejection of the divine Pan by the great, bustling, splendid, wicked street was to him a symbol of the repudiation of the singer in modern society. At the time when he wrote the poem he desired nothing more than to devote his career wholeheartedly and exclusively to poetry; but conditions of life made it impossible. He must necessarily enter that world of finance which had no ear and no leisure for poetry. He was, in a sense, that very Sicilian organ-grinder who had wandered carelessly to the steps of the Treasury building. He was himself Pan in Wall Street.

As the years advanced, Stedman's position and function in the literary world of America became more apparent. We cannot, I am sure, past that, for younger men, was rapidly becoming distant and dim. He remembered the giant race before the Flood. He was sixteen years old, ready to enter college, and already devoted to poetry when Poe died. He remembered the appearance of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables," of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Snow-Bound," and "Leaves of Grass." All these had, from the moment of their appearance, a vivid and immediate interest for him, and thus at the end of the century he not only conceived of them as an abiding contribution to our literature, but recalled their original reception by readers and their gradually developing fame. Of this relation to an earlier generation he himself spoke in the Prelude to his American Anthology.

I saw the constellated matin choir
Then when they sang together in the dawn,—
The morning stars of this first rounded day
Hesperian, hundred houred, that ending leaves
Youth's fillet still upon the New World's brow.
Then when they sang together,—sang for joy
Of mount and wood and cataract, and stretch
Of keen-aired, vasty regions, happy-homed,
I heard the stately hymning, saw their light. . . .

But it was characteristic of Stedman not to content himself with looking backward. He never failed to believe in the future progress of American poetry, and these verses from which I am quoting, written at the very end of the century, make stalwart confession of his faith:

The time
Goes not out darkling, nor of music mute
To the next age,—that quickened now awaits
Their heralding, their more impassioned song.

including a host of his proteges. But even had the charge been true, it would have shed distinction on his name rather than have exposed his indiscriminate tastes, for it revealed him to the world in his most characteristic phase. He was, in more senses than one, an academician; he had become the Dean of American belles lettres, the friend and inspirer of those who believed in the high function of the poet. He was at all times ready to give aid and comfort to the young. He stood for sound, conservative views, and saw no need for revolt or propaganda. He had no strange theories of versification, nor did he prefer prose to poetry. He insisted that a poet must learn his job before beginning to practise. He was an American and a believer in America's place and aim in civilization as set forth in the constitution and as vindicated by the Civil War. By precept and by example he taught the doctrine that our affiliations with English literature were too obvious to be denied and too desirable to be belittled. His traditions were Anglo-Saxon and classical, and it never occurred to him that they could be successfully challenged. Under other banners he would have found only confusion and chaos. To him I would apply the words of one of our own essayists in defence of the conservative:

> His are the imperishable standards, his is the love for a majestic past, his is the patience to wait until the wheat has been sorted from the chaff, and gathered into the granaries of the world. If he be hostile to the problematic, which is his weakness, he is passionately loyal to the tried and proven, which is his strength. He is as necessary to human sanity as the progressive is necessary to human hope. . . .
> Civilization and culture are very old and very beautiful. They imply refinement of humor, a disciplined taste, sensitiveness to noble impressions, and a wise acceptance of the laws of evidence.

In one other way Stedman created a bond of union between the world of poetry and that which lay outside it. If I wished to be merely flippant or journalistic, I should assert that Mr. and validity in America. Let us, therefore, as we celebrate his centenary, think on these things.

❧ ❧

Chauncey B. Tinker is Sterling professor of English literature at Yale University. He is one of the leading authorities on Boswell and the Johnson period on which he has written much. Among his works on more general themes is "The Good Estate of Poetry."

Folk Dramas

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN FANTASIES. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Samuel French. 1933. $1.

IN his own words, Percy MacKaye has attempted "to create for their (the Kentucky mountaineers') rich illiteracy and lore a nucleus of literature, wrought of their native speech." The Kentucky mountains and the saga of their passing world should provide a vital contribution to American letters. The difficulty lies in recreating a civilization which is so foreign to our twentieth century minds, and which moreover has not expressed itself in any form of art.

Mr. MacKaye presents his characters through the medium of rather involved dialogue in the Kentucky mountain idiom. Unfortunately the result sounds like a cross between the Bible and James Joyce. The characteristic of the mountaineers' speech is bareness, almost devoid of ornament except for slight traces of biblical influence. Their words are few and curt but intensely vigorous and descriptive. While Mr. MacKaye has rendered correctly most of the actual vocabulary he has combined words in such a way as not only to unloose a flow of incongruous garrulity but also to make his plays almost incomprehensible to the uninitiate.

Mr. MacKaye has sympathetic insight and familiarity with his subject. It is regrettable that he did not simplify his language and mold it not on the frenzied utterance of itinerant mountain preachers but on the daily speech of any mountaineer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cult of Pepys

SAMUEL PEPYS: THE MAN IN THE MAKING. By Arthur Bryant. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.

LETTERS AND THE SECOND DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. G. Howarth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

OF the making of cults, like the making of books, there is no end. With the rise of new writers and new forms of literary expression, there have gathered about new prophets the devotees, the acolytes, the apostles, the priests, and the high priests of these literary cults in endless procession. From the Dante and Shakespeare societies to Dickensian brotherhoods, followers of the Brontës and of Browning and the perhaps more convivial worshippers of Burns, from Villon to O. Henry, there is a multitude of them. They are all, or nearly all, the product of the past century, and all, or nearly all, are Anglo-American. And among them one of the most recent—the Pepys Club—must now be preparing to have a high festival. For within the past twelvemonth that cult has had occasion to rejoice in the appearance of two volumes which must increase their numbers and strengthen their faith everywhere. The first is the biography by Mr. Bryant; the second is the collection of letters and the so-called "Second Diary" by Mr. Howarth. To these there will presently be added a third subject for rejoicing among the faithful; for we are promised a new and "complete" or "unexpurgated" edition of the document on which this cult founds its faith—"The Diary."

It has now been rather more than a hundred years since that immortal document was first given to the world. It has been three quarters of a century and more since Lord Braybrooke issued his edition, and nearly half a century since Mr. Wheatley published his revision of the classic. Yet it was not until the late Mr. Tanner—who was, in a sense, the literary heir of Mr. Wheatley—began to publish the naval works of Pepys, and followed them with the later letters and a variety of other Pepysiana, that the figure of the great Secretary began to emerge from the obscurity of the diarist. As. Mr. Tanner once wrote to the reviewer, in his opinion the Diary had been, as it were, greatly exaggerated as a clue to Pepys.

How true that is the present volumes may well reveal. It was Mr. Bryant's good fortune—and ours—that as Mr. Tanner was Wheatley's heir, Mr. Bryant has been the legatee of Mr. Tanner. The task of writing a biography of Pepys, as this volume confirms, could not have fallen into better hands. With an extraordinarily graceful and pleasing style, lightened with a gift of historical imagination as welcome as it is rare, and based upon ample knowledge of the subject and the period, Mr. Bryant has produced not only a notable but, one may venture to say, an enduring as well as an eminently readable book. It ought to be, and it will almost certainly be, widely popular. To say that it is even better than his Charles the Second is high praise, but not too high. It has all the charm of recent biographies in the popular vein, and it has the enormous advantage of being based on truth.

It has the further advantage of an amount of material unavailable to any previous writer on the subject. Mr. Tanner not merely inherited the labors of Mr. Wheatley but spent the best part of a lifetime in collecting materials which he designed to use for a biography. From such sources Mr. Howarth has collected a wide selection of the Pepys letters, which, with the second diary, unprinted since 1841, are another welcome addition to Pepysiana. Taken together, these books form a body of material relating to the Secretary-diarist scarcely equalled since the original publication of Braybrooke. What is more, this volume of Mr. Bryant's is but the first; it carries the story only through the period of the "Diary" and to the death of Mrs. Pepys. We have in store for us, therefore, at least another. To that we may look forward with lively anticipation. Thus far we have had primarily the Diarist; hereafter we may expect the Secretary; and, with all due deference to those who have found the former most interesting for his least attractive qualities and activities, it is the latter who is the better as well as the more important figure in the world. For if we have hitherto seen, as it were, the worst of him, we may hope presently to see the best.

A PORTRAIT OF PEPYS?

An "unknown" portrait recently identified as Pepys, painted by Sir Peter Lely in* 1666.

* According to the *Illustrated London News*, this picture is identified not only by the likeness, but by the writing materials and the naval background, indicating Pepys's position as Secretary to the Admiralty.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard University.

Beethoven Rhapsody

BEETHOVEN AS HE LIVED. By Richard Specht. Translated from the German by Alfred Kalisch. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD BALLANTINE

BEETHOVEN, who created such a wealth of variations on different themes, soon became himself the theme for many a variation in the hands of critics and biographers; Richard Specht's "Beethoven as He Lived" might well be called a "Rhapsody on the Theme of Beethoven." In the main, it clings to the nineteenth century idea of a martyred demi-god with picturesque human eccentricities, and it has the poetic quality belonging to a genuine rhapsody. It really succeeds in reproducing the moods which Beethoven's music inspires, and with some probability the moods which inspired the music itself.

The preface informs us that the writing of the book was largely impelled in protest against a certain indifference or hostility to Beethoven evident today. One Bernard Diebold is quoted as saying, "'In spite of Beethoven Centenary celebrations, pathos like his is becoming a drug on the market,'" to which Specht replies:

> Yes—in the market—that is true. . . . But as some men still remain . . . in whom humility and devotion in the presence of greatness are still alive, to whom existence without exaltation . . . is becoming unendurable . . . and such men still find a fulfilment of their longing in Beethoven's music and character, I am bold enough to hope that such a call to greatness as this book is meant to voice will not be quite lost in empty air.

This devotional attitude sets the tone of the book. It expresses the view of many avowed devotees of Beethoven. But its influence is somewhat lessened by an excessive idolatry; unbelievers are not likely to be won over by a vehemence of partisanship, and few believers will credit Beethoven with anything so like a monopoly of "exaltation" as Specht claims for him.

The title, "Beethoven as He Lived," is well chosen. No one has drawn a more telling picture of Beethoven roaming the fields, walking the streets, or sprawling on the floor at work on a manuscript. The "slightly unreal city of Vienna," "city of roast chickens" and music, is called into reality; Vienna's music loving and music fostering nobles known as names in dedications become living people, and the author has advantageously used his imagination to fill in the detail necessary to an historical novel.

Professor Specht presents his book as a "revaluation of Beethoven," an endeavor to "refashion what is known." In his own words it is "not a book of individual research," and "it can add nothing to scholarship." Such a book may have great value if it lives up to its principles and really makes use of what is known, especially of what has been discovered in correction of hackneyed anecdotes. It is regrettable that in regard to many details of Beethoven's life Specht has not only fulfilled his promise of "not adding to scholarship" but has even subtracted from it. The author confesses in his bibliography that he has "not especially reread Thayer in preparation for his book, except to check certain details." It is unfortunate that he did not check more. All the old anecdotes, dear to writers of children's lives of the great composers, are here with a few gratuitous touches. This sort of thing would seem less serious if the book were not advertised as the work of a "Viennese professor who combines great scholarship with brilliant literary talent," who "attempts to liberate the beloved figure of Beethoven from the legends." For example, he retells the old story of Beethoven throwing down a copy of "Kenilworth" with the remark, "This man writes for money," and, not content to have him throw it down, makes him "hurl the book against the wall," omitting to add the recorded fact that Beethoven read all the novels of Scott which he could obtain from the circulating library. Thus an injustice both to Beethoven and to Scott is kept alive.

It is regrettable, too, that while endeavoring to give a "revaluation" of Beethoven, Professor Specht should cling to the old, nineteenth century misvaluation of Mozart as a foil to his hero. Beethoven is too great to need this. He allows Mozart a "flame" but he presents him too much in the guise of "playboy," while scholars today find much in Mozart that may have inspired Beethoven in his characteristically tragic and heroic vein as well as in his perfection of form. According to Specht Beethoven "never spoke an impulsive word in admiration of Mozart," while it is known that Beethoven said in enthusiastic admiration over a passage in Mozart's Piano Concerto in C minor, "We shall never do anything like that."

Yet in spite of some inaccuracies of detail, and certain exaggerations, this book has much to contribute to an understanding of the character and music of Beethoven. The translation by Alfred Kalisch is excellent and conveys the poetic quality of the text, as in the following passage:

> As in a symphony, so do the motifs recur in Beethoven's life, though on another plane, and there are combined with new ones which are added; but in his Symphonies as in his life, the fundamental motifs are always the same so that it is possible to lead up to them and restate them, as in a piece of music.

Edward Ballantine is professor of music at Harvard University.

The following paragraph from *The Observer*, characteristic of American news as reported abroad, may come as a surprise to American readers:

> A furious discussion is raging from New York to California as to whether lynching should or should not be encouraged. Surely the decisive argument is to be found in a sentence from the original report:—". . . Here (in the street) it was discovered that one of their victims was the wrong man."

Inside Looking Out

INTERNAL REVENUE. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. MORLEY borrows a motto from William Hazlitt's "Farewell to Essay-Writing": "As to my speculations, there is little to admire in them but my admiration for others." The motto fits him better than it does Hazlitt. His infectious cordiality is part of his charm, but Hazlitt was not that kind of a man at all. He was fractious and bitter. But the motto is inadequate to both men, for it does not cover their values. Both essayists have vitality of style, the product of a vitality of mind. You fish up a sentence anywhere in Hazlitt and it is alive, pregnant, peculiar. He is as interesting where he dislikes as where he admires. He disliked Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly*, and his essay on Gifford is a masterpiece. It is admirable without admiration. The warmth of Mr. Morley's admirations are an inseparable part of his value, but not all men's admirations are valuable. It depends on what manner of man you are. Mr. Morley has vitality of style, as Hazlitt had: and a vital style radiates connotations like a star.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND DAVID BONE

Reproduced from the pictorial "scrapbook" included in "Internal Revenue"

There is a special value in Mr. Morley's cordiality in this particular era, which is a bit sour and disgruntled. What we like is more important than what we dislike, what we adore than what we loathe. Admiration is positive and distaste is negative. The gospel of good will is old, but it is "The Everlasting Yea" and the solution of most knotted tangles. When one hears every day that New York is a horrible thing, all scutter and noise, it is good to know someone who says that New York is fascinating and lovable, and proves it. It is all very well to remember our being in the dumps will not make the next generation any less cheerful, but it is better to harken to one who likes this world and the people in it even here and now, and in the midst of depression is undepressed.

Mr. Morley is not as invariably substantial, as Hazlitt is practically everywhere. A column has to be done *currente calamo*, and the practice of columnism (if there is such a word) almost, if not flatly, forbids the hesitations of self-criticism. "Internal Revenue" is a miscellany of travel sketches, reminiscences, literary appreciations, and odds and ends—essays, in the original meaning of essays. Some of it appears a bit journalistic and ephemeral. It is not as introspective as its title might be taken to imply. I take it to have the meaning which the contents bear out, namely, in respect not only to other people, but in respect to things, events, situations, it is a demonstrable fact that if you like them they will like you; and there is your revenue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 23.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Old-Fashioned Christmas

Snow-banked roads and stage-coach home coming, church lights gleaming across fields, are in the past now. We are in the nineties—the nineties are our past, the nineties are old fashioned. Trolley cars bump down a street of homely houses, misshapen and comfortable. Grocery wagons whisk over the Belgian block. There is holly at every doorknob.

Dusk, and the rhythm of Christmas eve begins. The tree is raised in the living room (but recently a "parlor"), and down from the attics come the guarded boxes of Christmas decorations. Children are sophisticates now who do not believe in Kris Kringle. They quarrel over the highest branch for the spangliest angel, the brightest ball; dogs, kittens, parents, ladders, tinsel tripping the baby,—a pleasant riot till bed time when Tradition begins. The gas is turned low while someone reads from the family Bible; afterwards the "Night Before Christmas," so quaintly old-fashioned. Then closets open upon mysteries. It is honor not to look as the family scurry from all parts of the house, piling up mysterious packages around the tree,—if it's a tricycle pretend not to have seen it.

Bed, and a last look at the walnut moulding where one knows a stocking will soon be hanging. Asleep, and stealthy footsteps coming, retreating, a strange bark below, a last trolley bumping home, a snowflake from the open window,—sleep.

Was it the bells of the convent on the hill, or the cat's nervous purring, or the squeak of metal tires on new snow that waked the first? It is dark and cold, the stockings like misshapen icicles hang on the bed posts and bump and jangle as the children reach for them. They race for the parents' room, confident that Progress will have provided a new world of joy for children. Things that could be wound and run, oddities from abroad, mandarins fresh from the tropics—who listens to reminders that in simpler days nuts and raisins were a stocking treat!

Breakfast,—a ceremony, no sticky oatmeal and cocoa, but waffles, honey, sausages, chops, beaten biscuits, coffee, and then, Tradition, last remnant of feudalism:—the servants' Christmas first, their little tree in the kitchen, their presents, each child with an armful. Afterwards—CHRISTMAS—the doors flung open, the tree glistening in the sunlight—the presents unwrapped one by one, with due tact lest greedy children should forget that parents get presents too, or baby in the corner sob hysterically because of the delay.

Church in the morning sunlight, each family trailing behind the silk hat of the father, church mercifully brief, but jubilant with choir boys singing carols and delicious greens on the pew tops that tickled noses as one prayed. And after the benediction, a storm of Merry Christmases across streets and up at windows as they scamper home to the wonders science had prepared for them—dolls that talked, electrical machines, a bicycle with puffed tires, a camera that took by pressing a button, a kaleidoscope.

Dinner at three, with the tablecloth used at Christmas because of its German mottoes, turkey from the cook's brother's farm, bigger than last year, plum pudding and ice cream *and* mince pies,—repletion over the Christmas books. Dusk, and the family gather in the living room, no lights but candles, doughnuts and coffee instead of supper, quiet voices telling old stories of before you were born—a sense of the past recurring, a continuity from Christmas to Christmas, a stream of life of which you are part and exquisitely aware of the current of human experience. "Grandfather knew George Washington. They would walk arm in arm—" "Grandfather swam the Schuylkill with a basket of champagne on his head. It was Christmas, and wilderness—"

A muffled roaring outside. On the snowy hill a clumsy horseless buggy, shaking, smoking, stuck on the grade. Mr. Pendleton has bought an automobile for Christmas. It jerks away sputtering, lights flashing, dimming. Quiet again.

Carols around the piano, the convent bells ringing, with arms filled the children, big after little, climbing the stairs to bed. The last trolley bumps home, the new puppy wails in the cellar, someone sings, faint, faraway below, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide"—sleep.

"SAY, MR. VAN DINE, COULD YOU COME DOWN HERE A MINUTE?"

Letters to the Editor: *Ballads from the North; Polemics from the South*

Northern Ballads

Sir: When the search for survivals of ballads and folksongs of British origin began in this country some twenty-five years ago, the work was carried on both North and South. But ere long collectors came to feel that so little could be found in the northern states, compared with the southern, that their attention was gradually confined chiefly to the latter. Here the rich harvest seemed warrant for the inference that the extensive survival of ballads and ballad-singing among the Southern Highlanders was of a piece with the Elizabethanisms of their speech. The ballads had lived because the people were illiterate.

All the while, however, the richest ballad field on this continent had not been discovered. This field is Maine. Here, during the last eight years, have been found more Child ballads than in any other part of America, and almost all the other folksongs of British origin found in the South. In Vermont, also, collectors have recently been discovering nearly as many, some, as in Maine, never before recorded in America. This northeastern territory is extended by finding in New Brunswick, just over the border, many of the very oldest ballads, carried across the International Bridge every day by singers who pass back and forth from Maine into Canada. Furthermore, only last spring a large collection from Newfoundland was published, showing what may still be found if only means can be provided for the continuance of the work in the North and Northeast.

The demonstration is now conclusive that ballad-singing is no more subject to illiteracy than it is to geography. The worn-down and mutilated state of the ballad texts only too apparent in the South (generally taken as evidence that the ballads, even in the Southern Highlands, are dying out) is not a characteristic feature of the Maine tradition, the singers being almost without exception well educated people, and most texts of the Child ballads remarkably well preserved, plainly a refutation of the theory that ballad-singing and illiteracy necessarily go together. The ballad has survived in southern tradition in spite of, not because of, illiteracy, whereas in Maine the superior quality of the traditional material is in direct ratio to the singer's education.

The many identical phrases, lines, stanzas, and airs prove, moreover, that the northern texts and tunes are as old as the southern, arriving in this country about the same time with the earliest settlers. In several cases the purer northern texts are probably the oldest known.

Not until we have collected every variant text and air of every ballad still surviving traditionally, can we hope to write the full and accurate history of British balladry in America. The results already achieved are necessitating changed methods in the study of ballad problems because we now have northern texts and airs, not hitherto available, for comparison with southern forms. Effort must be made, therefore, to continue collecting for the sake of future study, and we appeal for help in carrying on the work.

MARY W. SMYTH.

The Folksong Society of the Northeast.
Cambridge, Mass.

Answering Mr. Brewton

Sir: So, William W. Brewton, Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A., according to his explosion in your issue of December 2, thinks the Southerner "must write negro bunk, or silly, sloppy 'folk-lore' fabricated after a Northern suggestion, or go unpublished."

Has he, I wonder, ever heard of James Branch Cabell, William Faulkner, William Marsh, T. S. Stribling, Thomas Wolfe, Evans Wall, Sarah Haardt Mencken, Irvin S. Cobb? If these people have written negro bunk and folk-lore, then I am cross-eyed and color blind.

If it were not for the North, the southern writer would be lost, for it is the North, certainly not the South, which has most freely and frequently and gladly recognized talent and genius in this section. It is the North which has cast about for writers down here and encouraged them and helped in various manners.

Being a Southerner and living in the South and knowing conditions and making a living here, I certainly am qualified to say several things in answer to Mr. Brewton. People in the South *are* stupid; they *are* bigoted; they *are* blind to the cultural things of life, and they hate the North with a passion as flaming and blazing as that which scorched the pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature* when Mr. Brewton started howling.

The person who is intellectually ambitious in this part of the country is doomed; he must live to himself or with the very few people of intelligence, or he dry rots mentally.

Speaking personally, I have been shown more consideration and encouragement from the North in my few writing attempts than ever in the South. And what is more, the small success I have snatched up there has resulted disastrously down here; demotion has followed in my work when I have been quoted and other equally silly and idiotic things.

I fear Mr. Brewton, like many more of these good old dyed-in-the-pine-sap Southerners, needs a liver pill, provided, of course, he can find one manufactured in his beloved South.

MERLIN N. HANSON.

Mobile, Ala.

Left-Handed Monkey Wrench

Sir: I have read *The Saturday Review of Literature* since its first issue but have never before attempted to burden your columns with my personal opinions. Will you therefore please bear with me this once?

Mrs. Griffith and I, under the pen name of Jason Griffith, recently had published a novel entitled "The Monkey Wrench." We wrote it primarily to amuse, but secondarily we had a Quixotic desire to ridicule the vogue for mystery stories. We also undertook to demonstrate that excitement and suspense can be maintained without the necessity of a murder in every chapter; indeed, without resorting to violent death at all. We aimed to make our story a satirical comedy without permitting the satire to become too obvious. Western reviewers have recognized our motive and given us due credit. . . .

Imagine our surprise when we found our book classified under "The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction." Our publishers labeled "The Monkey Wrench" a mystery novel, knowing that such a description would sell better than if they called it a satire, and our book went automatically to your criminal department. We accuse your detective story reviewer of having no sense of humor, for, glancing through our book, he entirely missed the point and solemnly labeled our little comedy as a dumb detective story.

I know one purpose of your magazine is to encourage originality of effort and I therefore ask you in justice to publish this letter. E. G. GRIFFITH.

Portland, Oregon.

(We put this case before our Criminal Recorder, who reports that, while he is chiefly occupied with murder, cases of pretended murder also come under his jurisdiction—but the pretense should be good. Writ of certiorari denied.—THE EDITORS.)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. *Macmillan.* The works of one of the most notable contemporary poets in one volume.

LETTERS OF GROVER CLEVELAND. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS. *Houghton Mifflin.* A volume presenting material much of which is pertinent to present-day conditions.

AH KING. By SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Doubleday, Doran.* Short stories the scene of which is laid in the Orient.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GENTLEMAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO. By IVAN BUNIN. *Knopf.* A collection of short stories by this year's winner of the Nobel Prize for literature.

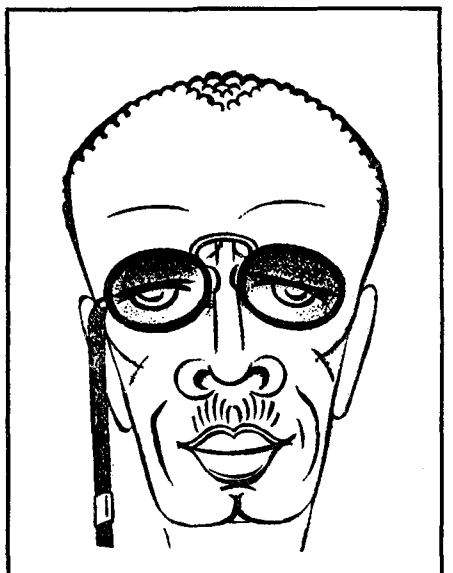
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chronicle of a Successful Life

ALONG THIS WAY. The Autobiography of James Weldon Johnson. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON is without doubt in the front rank of our Negro Americans. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any other has lived so varied and successful a life. For he has been successively principal of a public school; the first Negro lawyer admitted to practice in Florida since Reconstruction days; a poet with immediate access to the leading magazines; the author of important books, and of what is known as the Negro's national hymn; an extraordinarily successful song writer in connection with his brother Rosamond, and the latter's equally remarkable stage and concert partner, Bob Cole; and a highly successful American Consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua, especially valuable because of his complete mastery of Spanish. But this is not all. He was for eleven years secretary of the invaluable National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, then



JAMES WELDON JOHNSON
Caricature by Eva Herrmann from "On Parade" (Coward-McCann)

an editorial writer of distinction, and now he is professor of Creative Literature at Fisk University. Surely it cannot be denied that this is a remarkable record. I shall not add, as so many do, that it is one of which any white man might be proud because it is precisely that kind of silly condescension which makes every cultivated Negro of this type feel as if he were being praised like Dr. Johnson's dog,—as James Weldon Johnson once suggests in this volume. The truth is that this Johnson is only among his peers when he is in the middle of the most interesting and worth while literary and musical set in New York—in which he is always a most welcome companion.

Mr. Johnson is personally modest, extremely quiet in manner, restrained, outwardly always calm, with his inner feelings well in hand, and making obeisance to no one, to no one inferior. His book portrays him well, for his narrative bears in general the rare stamp of these qualities. It would indubitably improve by condensation; too much space is given, for example, to the period of his childhood, which he is not great enough to warrant. If he carefully records all his successes he is surely entitled to do so, and it is not because they have been few. But there are moments when flashes of the deep feeling that burns behind every American Negro's exterior, burst through this quiet text, as when he sets forth in extraordinarily vivid, dramatic, and moving language his once facing death at the hands of a uniformed mob which would have killed him if he had turned his back—on the heinous charge that he had actually been alone in a Jacksonville park with a white woman! Nothing but his dauntless courage, and the fact that one of the militia officers remained a human being, saved him. That, and the all-important fact that the woman with whom he committed this dreadful offense was not white, but colored.

Most Southerners will not like this book. They are the ones who most need to read it, and not only because they are most of them ignorant of the existence of the ever-growing group of intellectuals of which Mr. Johnson is a shining exemplar. The South really believes that it alone knows the Negro, knows him for what he is worth, knows how to "keep him in his place." Yet at best it only knows the few laborers or others with whom the average white individual comes into contact. It refuses to take note of the vast strides that the leaders like Johnson are making. The average Southerner even believes that he has the complete confidence of the Negro and his affection and liking. He will be undeceived if he peruses these pages of Mr. Johnson's and finds how the Negroes classify all white men as good and bad according to their attitude to the colored people. They will ascertain also that if the Southern white man thinks he knows the Negro, the Negroes certainly know him. Let us quote Mr. Johnson again:

> But one thing, they learned the white man with whom they had to deal. They learned him through and through; and without ever completely revealing themselves. Their knowledge of that white man's weaknesses as well as his strength came to be almost intuitive. And when they felt it futile to depend upon their own strength, they took advantage of his weaknesses — the blind side of arrogance and the gullibility that always goes with overbearing pride.

Most persons who have delved deep in the Negro question and spent years in pondering upon it eventually find themselves brought up against this fact whether they desire to face it or not.

The future of the Negro? Well, this leader of them is by no means hopeless. He believes that the national attitude toward the Negro is steadily changing for the better. He points out that "faster and faster the problem is becoming a question of mental attitudes toward the Negro rather than of his actual condition." As this writer has taken various occasions to point out, so Mr. Johnson finds that there is good hope that a gradual revolution will come in the South at the hands of enlightened white youth "moved consciously by a sense of fair play and decency, and unconsciously by a compulsion to atone for the deeds of their fathers." Mr. Johnson is emphatic in his belief that the Negro should retain his racial identity and not amalgamate, and that he should have unhampered freedom to develop his own qualities "and finally to stand upon a plane with other American citizens." He does not believe that the Negro will be lured into the Communist Party, but he warns his white readers that if the Negro is always to be given "a heavy handicap back of the common scratch, or if the antagonistic forces are destined to dominate and bar all forward movement," then there will be nothing left for the Negro except "the cultivation of a hard, keen, relentless hatred for everything white." The picture of an America enclosing an ever-growing minority of its millions of fellow-citizens impregnated to the core with a sense of bitter injustice and unfairness is an impossible picture; the Republic could not survive anything of the kind.

I must not give the impression that this book deals only with the hard and dreadful facts of the Negro's situation in America. It is full of most interesting accounts of Mr. Johnson's own rise, and his intellectual and artistic partnerships and friendships, his extraordinary service as Consul when the color line naturally broke down and he entertained the officers of our fleet from admiral to ensign. He made history in Nicaragua. In brief, Mr. Johnson has written more than a chronicle of himself. His own story is an inseparable part of the chronicle of his race, its aspirations, and its achievements. As such it will have a permanent place along with the autobiographies of Frederick Douglass, Booker Washington, Major Moton and others, and alongside the imperishable writings of W. E. B. DuBois.

* *

Oswald Garrison Villard is a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. Under his editorship The New York Evening Post *and the Nation became powerful forces in the crusade in behalf of the Negro.*

A Dramatic Episode of Early California

JUNÍPERO SERRA, PIONEER COLONIST OF CALIFORNIA. By Agnes Repplier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

INTEREST in the priest has not flagged since the day of Father Palóu's "Vida," though neither James, Fitch, Bolton, or the general historians had the advantages of daily converse with their subject, as did the companion biographer. In this most recent popularization of Serra's life, Miss Repplier demonstrates once again that felicitous mastery of English expression made famous by her essays, "which won my heart in its greener years." Her previous writings are instinct with appreciation of the French colonial atmosphere, and if she misses here and there the golden touch it is because here she is not quite so thoroughly at home. Nevertheless the biography is an excellent one, for which the praise should be generous and the acceptance wide.

Yet there are certain historical considerations which need attention. The effort to occupy Upper California was not merely a move against the Russians; it was part of a grand scheme to revamp the French and the Spanish colonial empires, expanding their borders and reanimating and harmonizing their internal administration on the French model for a final herculean drive against the domination of England, who had been disagreeably successful in the Seven Years' War. The grand effort had its repercussions from Alaska to Patagonia, from the Falklands to the islands of the Pacific, and it did mountains of work in bringing Spanish colonial administration into harmony with the French system. But it failed rather disastrously when next war came, in the revolutions which set America free.

For this Californian episode in the majestic picture the never pleasant Gálvez chose two kindred spirits, Serra and Fages, not because they were agreeable people, but because they had character and got results. To use Fages as a foil whereby to enhance the saintliness of Serra is to borrow the device of Palóu, who was certainly not an unprejudiced witness, but told the apostolic story as he believed it. Fages has had few defenders, but he was one of the best governors California ever had, and it has had many and of various stripe, who had faint conception of their functions. If Serra saved the Holy Expedition, Fages saw and expanded the realm, and left the most discriminating accounts of its primitive inhabitants; he protected the nursing missionary establishments from the zeal of their own protagonists. Each needed the other, though it may be well doubted if either thought that. It is the old story of administration divided between two arms of the State. Canada held repeated examples of the same unwieldy kind of administration and bickering over details.

JUNIPERO SERRA
From the jacket design by Cimino

Miss Repplier is to be congratulated on her well told story, which popularizes for a new generation our oft-told tale of California beginnings. Some criticisms, however, must be made. Evidences of haste in construction are betrayed by numerous slips in the sketching of the geographical picture, in telling the historical facts, and in judgment of the characters of her principals. It is not exact to attribute the crusading character of Spanish colonization to Las Casas, stormy-petrel friend of the Indian; it was a crusade from the moment of Columbus. Father Kino is known definitely to have been Italian, and Kuehn was not his name. Serra, preaching to the Pame Indians in the Sierra Gorda, was over in Querétaro, hundreds of miles from "the peninsula." One does not pass by Drake's Bay on the march from San Diego to Los Angeles. The title Fray was not applied to family names but Christian ones; it was always Fray Junípero, never Fray Serra.

* *

Herbert Ingram Priestley is librarian of the Bancroft Library, University of California.

Little Orphan William

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. By Phillips Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID HARRIS WILLSON

MR. RUSSELL'S life of William the Conqueror has certain advantages in that the author is not a trained historian but rather a genial teller of tales, with an engaging love for good stories and a natural gift for telling them. But he frequently pushes his sources farther than they will bear and seems to go on the assumption that since the chroniclers disagree we should enjoy the good stories from them all and believe whatever we choose. The book, moreover, is written in a style romantically picturesque and introduces the reader to a world of haughty monarchs, black-livered traitors, beautiful ladies, and prancing knights. The first Northmen who came up the Seine were "irresponsible hell-ferocious bachelors or woman-forsakers; sudden, reckless, full of bravado, and, when occasion offered, of alcohol." Yet "little orphan William" grew up in such chaotic times that "men looked with tenderness to the reign of Rollo and his burly Northmen." When Harold was shipwrecked and fell into William's hands, we read: "It may be surmised that in this, their first encounter, William measured his man beneath his overhanging brows. Did he behold in Harold a trace of unease, a shift of foot or eye, which cause a certain notion to crystallize into a definite plan? Perhaps." After his famous oath to support William's claim to the English throne, Harold recoiled with trembling hand and shuddering flesh when he discovered that he had sworn over sacred relics. "He left the hall probably still trembling, while William doubtless smiled a crocodile smile." On the first page of the book we meet a sentence redolent of tender Hollywood romance: "And then he met Matilda."

The author often writes with a naïveté suggesting that he really intends the book for the adolescent. "All these royal, princely, and ducal people, as will be often noted," he remarks, "were married and intermarried among themselves without end. Their alliances and connections were so general, spreading, and intertwined that deposed rulers, however scoundrelly, could skip across a sea or a border and be sure of safety, arriving, perhaps breathless, but otherwise not gravely inconvenienced, and remaining ripe for more deviltry." The book contains a good many generalizations that would be difficult to prove. And when Mr. Russell turns from sieges and battlefields and anecdotes of hall and bower to deal with constitutional and governmental issues, he flounders rather badly. His remarks on the jury are absurd. In fact, throughout the book, for all its engaging and disarming features, there is a definite ground-swell of unreality. William the Conqueror, stark and stern and wrathful, does not lend himself gracefully to such airy treatment; his jazzibility is unusually low.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art for Marx' Sake

THE GREAT TRADITION: An Interpretation of American Literature Since the Civil War. By Granville Hicks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

MR. GRANVILLE HICKS'S study of American literature since the Civil War is one of the most illuminating books on that period that has been published. The great tradition that he interprets is the tradition of Emerson, Whitman, and Thoreau, of Howells, Bellamy, Herrick, and Sinclair: the tradition of social responsibility and courageous moral leadership.

On the surface, Mr. Hicks restates the point of view that was put forward half a generation ago by Van Wyck Brooks. But where Mr. Brooks was a lonely pioneer, cutting through the underbrush of academic criticism and the deadwood of genteel judgments, Mr. Hicks has in back of him fifteen years of spading and manuring and levelling and seeding. Not alone is he served by a score of special studies and biographies, but Brooks's critical essays, Parrington's survey, Thomas Beer's inquisitive appraisals, Miss Rourke's picture of the American character have all helped to bring his field more quickly into focus. When ten years ago Brooks demanded in *The Freeman* that the American writer should help build up a revolutionary consciousness, his voice was unheeded: his social point of view proclaimed him a moss-back and raised doubts, among the younger intelligentsia, of his competence to express esthetic judgments. Mr. Hicks, on the other hand, now writes with the extra confidence that comes from being part of a definite political movement; he is surrounded and seconded by many of the best minds of his generation.

In the post-Civil War scene, Mr. Hicks singles out as the central literary figures Walt Whitman and William Dean Howells. The first identified himself with the new forces in American civilization, accepted the factory worker along with the farmer, was not repelled by the barbarism and dispersed animal vitality of the time; while Howells espoused a realism that made him "front the everyday world" and so laid the foundation of what seems to Mr. Hicks the backbone of the American tradition in the novel. These men were in the go of things, and though neither their work nor that of their descendants, Garland, Norris, Sinclair, Herrick, was strictly revolutionary in character, they laid the foundation for the contemporary school of Marxian writers, headed by Dos Passos in whom Mr. Hicks places his faith.

For the weaknesses in this post-Emersonian literature, Mr. Hicks has in general one of two explanations. In the case of men like Mark Twain, Crane, and Dreiser, their failure was due to the lack of a social philosophy that would enable them to see the significance of the things they described. With the regionalists, like Sarah Orne Jewett, or the more fugitive personal talents, like Emily Dickinson, what was lacking was an awareness of most of the facts; Mr. Hicks does not deny the validity of what they saw and felt, but he challenges the use of a magnifying glass which made them insensitive to what lay outside the narrow area it covered. To the writers remote enough to be seen in perspective Mr. Hicks's philosophy does no heavy injustice: for his judgments are reenforced by perceptions and tastes that respond to values not registered on his measuring stick. Hence the first two-thirds of "The Great Tradition" is criticism in the high sense of the word. Here the definite Marxian point of view, far from narrowing the subject, merely enables the critic to drive more penetratingly into every part of it, using the energy of his conscious theory to reach places that the theory itself does not necessarily touch. The chapters that culminate in The Years of Hope are a classic contribution to the subject.

From this point on one's praise for Mr. Hicks's clean, decisive revaluations must be hedged with qualifications: not alone are there the almost inevitable faults of perspective, but there is a narrowing of the critical intention. Mr. Hicks's question becomes not: What is the nature of this book and how good is it, but how far has the author assimilated Marx and how much use is his work in actively promoting a communist revolution? Here Mr. Hicks makes the same mistake that Mr. Calverton made in "The Liberation of American Literature": he ceases to be concerned with literature as a mode of life, and regards it more and more exclusively as a practical instrument, indeed, even narrower than that: as the practical instrument of a particular type of Marxian orthodoxy. The method is defensible as a political expedient: for in warfare the important thing is to organize one's ranks, and the uniform is a valuable aid in mass tactics. But it shakes the poise, the sympathetic understanding, the clear focus that prevailed in the earlier pages.

Accepting for the moment Mr. Hicks's premises, let us ask how he has used them. As an example of social responsibility and revolutionary initiative he chooses Mr. John Dos Passos's novels, "Forty-second Parallel" and "1919." "Dos Passos has grown steadily during the last decade, and there is no apparent obstacle to his continued growth." In one sense that judgment is true. No one doubts Dos Passos's social sympathy, his magnanimity, his revolutionary zeal. But the point in question is—How much of this has gone effectively into his novels; and here, I think, Mr. Hicks's will-to-believe saps his judgment. Despite the important difference in both the material used and the conscious effort, Dos Passos's later novels are as chaotic and unformative as "Manhattan Transfer": they are revolutionary only to the extent that the life he portrays constitutes a revolutionary situation.

Does Dos Passos's work symbolically represent any of the ingredients of a revolution in values and in society, as, to take the most emphatic case possible, Shakespeare's projected the self-seeking individuals, bereft of any religion except the desire for personal conquest, who dominated industry and politics the next three hundred years? And this in turn brings up an even more important problem: is realism, with its portrayal of the "is," a revolutionary method? Mr. Hicks plainly says yes: but may it not in fact be the imaginative equivalent of that "fact-finding" habit which the ruling classes by means of committees and impartial investigations and statistical researches so often use as a convenient dodge for avoiding social change? From the standpoint of action, the I. W. W. songs were worth a whole bookshelf of Upton Sinclair's fictional tracts. Closeness to external detail has in fact precious little to do with closeness of life. The poet who embodied most completely both the passing aristocratic order of Elizabethan England and the ambitious capitalism that succeeded it cannot be compared with Dekker or Jonson for local realism; but his Caesars, his Macbeths, his Othellos, and Hamlets, are not less contemporary and dynamic for this reason. And if the writer cannot transcend his environment, how can one hope that society will ever do more? No: what we need are writers who can symbolize potentialities, present alternatives, project destinations. In short, not more passionate Howellses but more socialized Whitmans and Melvilles.

Again: Mr. Hicks, with his eye steadily on the writer's conversion to communism, neglects work of equally revolutionary spirit or temper that was produced before the conversion took place. So, for example, he does not even mention a weak but significant novel by Sherwood Anderson: "Marching Men." That novel is occupied with the technique of revolutionary solidarity: and there, in 1917, before the Fascists and the Nazis had taken the first step in their march to power, Anderson had suggested the ritual of the march as a means of giving confidence and of producing an élan among the workers. Here one sees another weakness in Mr. Hicks's point of view: he does not distinguish sufficiently between conscious intellectual assent and an unconscious drive, between what a work of art overtly says and what it does. This is to say again that he does not distinguish between the wooden abstractions of politics and the organized wholeness of a work of art, which reaches deeper levels of consciousness and feeling. A revolutionary movement that remains on the level of realism, rational analysis, and philosophical dialectics may be pushed into power by external events: but it will scarcely create its own occasions and form its own ends.

Another significant omission. Mr. Hicks's sole reference to Waldo Frank is to say that he, along with Edmund Wilson, shows the influence of Marx. This remark is painfully inadequate for at least two reasons. For one thing, it ignores the important historic fact that almost every able young writer in Mr. Frank's generation showed the effect of Marx: even when they rejected Marxism as insufficient, they were aware of Marx's contributions. It remained for the economically illiterate generation ushered in by Mr. Scott Fitzgerald to be magnificently unaware of Marx until Wall Street had collapsed. But apart from this, the important thing about Frank is that he is one of the few contemporary American writers who is in imaginative possession of communism. His "City Block," written between 1922 and 1925, is not merely one of the most distinguished works of fiction in the decade, but it expresses in esthetic form those elemental solidarities and interpenetrations which must serve as the substratum for a communist political program. Where were Mr. Hicks's eyes when he forgot this work?

These are only a few of the most obvious questions that Mr. Hicks's study of the Great Tradition raises. Beneath them, one is conscious of more fundamental problems. Is Marxism the all-sufficient philosophy of life and action that Mr. Hicks takes it to be, or is the revolutionary tradition of Marxism merely one element in a more comprehensive interpretation of life, on lines which must necessarily be post-Marxian, even as they are post-Darwinian and post-Newtonian? Is the future toward which Mr. Hicks looks a fresh image, or is it the mere cleansing of a dirty mirror which will leave much the same image as before? Is the "revolutionary proletariat" a mythical projection or a contemporary reality? Is the writer to become a camp-follower in the revolutionary army, or must he not only make the revolution *possible* but make it *real*: endow it with organs, limbs, dimensions, purposes? In this review I have not the space to go into these questions, nor to make plain my reasons for demanding a more vital philosophy and a more comprehensive program than Mr. Hicks offers. But it is a sufficient tribute to the dignity and the high seriousness of his study to say that it brings up and sharply outlines these fundamental problems, as they touch both literature and political life. That service makes Mr. Hicks's book part of the Great Tradition it seeks to interpret.

A Symbol of Strength

(*Continued from first page*)

The material in this volume is arranged in sixteen sections, each of which is preceded by a brief biographical statement for the period covered. The editor has also inserted a first-rate introduction entitled "Grover Cleveland in His Letters."

Since both Professor Robert McElroy and Professor Nevins had access to the Cleveland papers in preparing their biographies of the President and made generous use of them, it is not surprising that the published "Letters" contains little of consequence regarding public affairs that will be new to those who have read their books. But a careful reading of a man's correspondence gives an intimate view such as can rarely be obtained second-hand in a biography. This is true of Cleveland's letters. They serve further to reveal the man and to enrich the portraits drawn by his biographies. He was a very downright person and there was in his writing little subtlety or clothing of his thoughts in veiled phrases. What he had to say was expressed in "straight United States language," and one is seldom left in any confusion as to what he meant or how he felt. His abiding hatred of the common run of press reporters of his day, for example, is made unmistakably clear in such biting phrases as "newspaper scavengers" and "dirty scoundrels." His distrust of the Hill-Murphy branch of New York Democracy is plain from his characterization, "as base a set of cutthroats as ever scuttled a ship"; and when he cursed the silver leaders of 1896 as "ingrates and traitors who wear the stolen livery of Democracy," the depths of his indignation were borne in upon his friends.

His almost appalling sense of duty and responsibility, his steadfast faith in the people, together with his common sense and fidelity to country, party, and friends make a lasting impression upon the reader of his letters. Whether one approves of his policies or not, one can scarcely deny that he honestly tried to "keep the compass true." As literature Cleveland's letters cannot compare with those of Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson. One finds in them none of the breadth of interest so notable in Roosevelt's letters to Lodge, and none of the elegant phrasing so characteristic of Wilson's correspondence. Compared with these men Cleveland was narrow in his range of interests, stolid, and unimaginative; his style was labored and often commonplace, but his product has a ring of sincerity and high purpose in it that is not surpassed by that of either of his successors.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S WEDDING CEREMONY
From Harper's Weekly, 1886

Of the Parisian restaurateur, Raoul, who recently died, an English correspondent writes: "He was a link with the time when enthusiastic young writers used to sit round the marble-topped tables discussing literature until six in the morning. . . . The café which bore his name had its new generation of young enthusiasts and its new monarchs, Maeterlinck among them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

The Bottom of the Stocking

FOR the right sort of person, nothing would be pleasanter to find at the bottom of the Christmas stocking than the first catalogue (of his own books, collected through more than forty years of loving scholarship) now issued by Curtis Hidden Page, Gilmanton, N. H. "A used copy," C. H. P. well says, "if the right person has used it, is far more valuable than a new one." True indeed. This true booklover's memorandum book, full of eagle's feathers and inquisitively chosen quotations, is something to treasure. But printing and postage cost money: if you write to Professor Page for a copy I suggest you enclose at least fifteen cents postage to defray charges.

☙ ☙

☞Richard Ellis, whose old printshop at Westport, Conn., this department once praised with sincere and merited enthusiasm, is now with the Davidson Press, 175 Varick Street, N. Y. City, where he invites commissions. ☞The ever delightful Gotham Book Mart (51 West 47 Street) offers a lively collection of letters and MSS by Ernest Hemingway, dating from his beginning days as a writer. The Gotham Book Mart quotes from one of the letters: "I got the splendid check and I cashed it. We are going to pay the rent with it. Pay a first installment on a suit of clothes. Buy a lot of groceries and go to the six day bicycle race."—Anyone with so sane a sense of reality was sure to be a good writer. ☞Another writer with a sound judgematical basis was Parson Whitworth of *Choice and Chance*. He said:

> If the probability of an experiment succeeding is so far unknown that all possible probabilities may be deemed equally likely: and if the experiment is then found to succeed p times in n successive trials, the chance that it succeeds at the next trial is $\frac{p+1}{n+2}$

☞The usually placable State of Delaware has never quite forgiven the fact that Paul Revere's ride got so much more publicity than Caesar Rodney's midnight gallop from Dover to Philadelphia on July 1, 1776. The Historical Society of Delaware is riding hard to catch up with the Paul Revere legend, and is now publishing (through the University of Pennsylvania Press) *Letters to and from Caesar Rodney*, 1756-1784, edited by G. H. Ryden, State Archivist of Delaware. ☞We like John Adams's description of Caesar Rodney: "the oddest looking man in the world; his face is not bigger than a large apple, yet there is spirit, wit and humor in his countenance." Personally we have long been fed up with Paul Revere and will back Caesar Rodney with all our gaming instinct. ☞Another good book from the University of Pennsylvania Press is Clara Gebert's *Anthology of Elizabethan Dedications and Prefaces* $3.00). In strong, handsome addresses to "singular good lords" and eke to various Excellent Majesties or Vertuously Noble Ladies the Elizabethan quill cut its richest capers. It was a grand idea to collect this basket of flowery speech. But why, I'm bound to wonder, does Miss Gebert follow Professor Schelling in the melancholy notion that Heming and Condell, who signed the noble prefaces to Shakespeare's 1623 folio, did not write them? I have never been able to understand the theory that Heming and Condell were incapable of writing these manly and straightforward notices. If they were men of sufficient sensibility to undertake so difficult and costly a venture (which probably put them both in debt; and they had large families to support) why were they not able to express themselves acceptably on paper? The second of the two pieces—the blunt address *To the Great Variety of Readers*—is certainly in a different mode from the ornate obeisance to the two Earls. I can't hear the learned Ben Jonson in it at all. Anyhow, it contains the ultimate and unsurpassable watchword of the Book Trade—"Read, and censure . . . but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies."

☙ ☙

☞Perhaps the most ingenious display put on by any bookseller in honor of Repeal was that of Mr. O'Malley at his much admired second-hand store on Columbus Avenue. In his window I noticed a bottle of wine, goblets of imitation vintage and cocktail, a briar pipe, and copies of the following: *The Bartender's Guide, The Old Soak, The Wet Parade,* the *Rubaiyat, The Future of Drinking, Pollyanna of the Orange Blossoms*—and a copy of *The Noble Experiment* displayed upside down.

☙ ☙

☞James Wells of the Slide Mountain Press (Gaylordsville, Conn.) has printed 300 copies of *The Reflections of Marsyas,* by William McFee (signed, $5.00). In this little book our old friend Mac has collected his occasional poems, a number of which were first printed under the masthead of the Bowling Green. More important than the verses is Mr. McFee's autobiographical preface, delightfully forthright and contentious, in which he says many good things. He tells us that his first experience of the thrill of authorship was telling stories aloud to the other boys in a school dormitory after the lights were out. There is so much lively stuff in this personal sketch, I wish it were more widely available. Of his period as travelling salesman for an engineering firm in England he says:

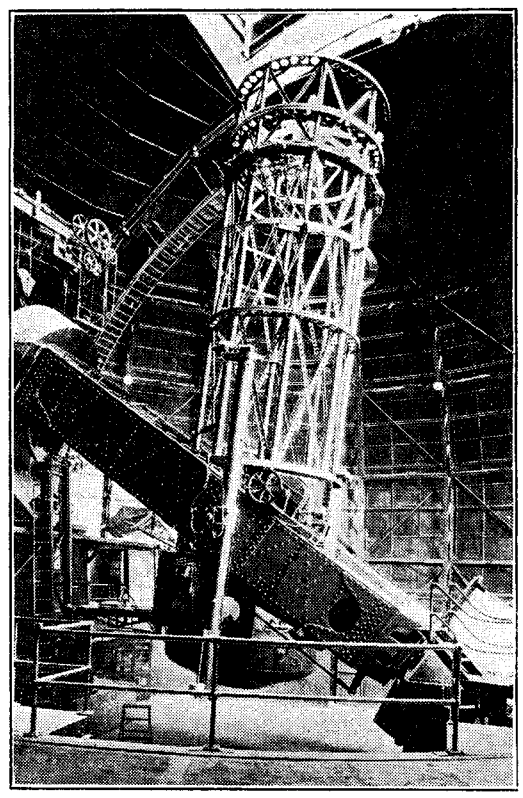
> Five days a week I set forth from London by train, seeking orders or superintending erection of machinery. Instead of newspapers I read books. Modern youth would look incredulous if I were to list the number of books a man can read during five years of railroad travel. Those journeys were my substitute for a university.

☙ ☙

☞Mrs. Maud Moore, of Colorado Springs, writes that sometimes in late October, under momentary conditions of snow and shadow, a remarkable profile of Uncle Sam is visible on the upper slopes of Pike's Peak. ☞Dr. Alfred P. Lee, scientific bibliographer in Philadelphia, is looking for odd scraps or broken leaves of Gutenberg's printing to submit them to chemical analysis. It is desired to settle the problem whether Gutenberg's ink was really more durable than ours; and if so, why? ☞The old Mandarin always refers inquiries re books on Asiatic philosophy to *Orientalia,* 59 Bank Street, the supreme lamastery of Eastern lore in these parts. That unique shop is footy to the Christopher Street station of the 7th Avenue subway. ☞The University of California Press has just published Dr. Henry Hart's *The Hundred Names,* an introduction to the study of Chinese Poetry ($2.50). Dr. Hart, whose sovran shrine of Chinese treasures is known to all wanderers in San Francisco, is a famous scholar in the dynastic texts; he is decorated both with the White Elephant and the Dragon of Annam. Tender melancholy steals upon us when we think of his enormous and unburdensome learning. ☞What delicate suffusion of sadness there is in those old Chinese poets. The centuries go by and here we are, *still* shiny with gloom like a Digby chicken (or smoked herring). ☞F. H. P. sends us a copy of the Centennial verses written by William Lyon Phelps for the celebration of the Psi Upsilon fraternity held at Union College, Schenectady, in which we read of the year 1833:

> No change of gears was heard; the rasping klaxon
> Made no man jump in the days of Andrew Jackson.

☞*The Bowstring Murders* by Carr Dickson (and published by Morrow) begins very well, just what doddering Digby needed; he has a bulimy for Gothic castles and shrieks at night; but he wondered on page 3 about the chaps taking a train from *Charing Cross* to Suffolk. It's very important that mystery-story-writers don't get their London railway stations mixed up. Sherlock Holmes never did. Our impression is that all trains to East Anglia leave from *Liverpool Street.* Can one go to Suffolk from *Charing Cross*? Will Mr. Carr Dickson, whom we once knew on the Harper list as Mr. Dickson Carr, please inform his anxious admirer?



WHERE MODERN MAGI WATCH THE CHRISTMAS STAR. (*Mount Wilson, Calif.*)

WINE AND FOOD DEPARTMENT

Thurston Macauley, of the London office of the New York *Times,* is one of our most valued correspondents on Fancy Victual. He reports to the Green that he attended the first meeting of the Wine and Food Society, a luncheon held in November at the Café Royal in Regent Street. The specialty of the first gathering was the food and wines of Alsace. Here is the menu; the original card is daintily spotted with some lapses of Riesling:

MENU

Le Hors D'Œuvre Alsacien
La Perdrix aux Choux
Le Fromage de Munster
Le Gougloff de Colmar
Compote de Mirabelles
Café

WINES

(White) Dopff's Reserve Riesling 1929
(Red) Dopff's Gewürztraminer 1929
(White) Dopff's Grande Reserve Traminer 1928

M. André Simon, president of the Society, contributed the admirable notes on dishes and vintages. Some of our patrons, but not enough, are familiar with M. Simon's fine books, *Bottlescrew Days, The Blood of the Grape, The Art of Good Living, etc.* I don't know if they have ever been published in this country. If so, I wish the publisher would speak up. Of *La Perdrix aux Choux* M. Simon tells us:

> A partridge, in French gastronomic parlance, is always masculine, whatever its sex, when young and tender: *un perdreau.* When no longer young nor quite so tender, it is invariably feminine: *une perdrix.* The spit and an open fire and its own juice suit the *perdreau* admirably, but the *perdrix* is at her best in a soft nest of well-cooked cabbage.

The *Gougloff* from Colmar was something I had never heard of. M. Simon says:

> The *gougloff* or *gougelhof* is full of goodness and as inevitable in Alsace, upon all festive occasions, as the Christmas pudding is in England at and after Christmas. It is not so sweet as to spoil the enjoyment of one's wine; on the contrary, it mops up wine as quickly as the best blotting-paper takes up ink, and it helps to make that "just one more bottle" as inevitable as enjoyable.

This sounds interesting. When I visited Colmar, that enchanting little town, on a bicycle some twenty-one years ago I ate nothing there but pancakes and beer. Best I remember a wonderful old church with a carved handrail up the pulpit stairs, on which were carved various animals on their way up to Heaven; and to show that on that journey the last shall be first, the snail led the procession. I don't often hear about Colmar nowadays except from Eddie Ziegler, one of Doubleday Doran's travelling men, whose family came from there. Perhaps he can give us a recipe for *gougloff?*

Thurston Macauley tells me that the meetings of the Wine and Food Society will be divided into Luncheons, Dinners, and Tastings. The December meeting is a Tasting; subject, *Madeira.* January will be a Dinner, at the Savoy Hotel: Savoyard fare and Rhone wines. Mr. Macauley remarks that in London the cocktail is definitely out of fashion; it has been succeeded, very sensibly, by sherry and madeira.

☙ ☙

The saddest of all obits, I think, will be those of the well-meaning drinkers mortally poisoned by the appalling stuff the legal and licensed shops are now selling as "blended whiskey." Never, through the whole course of Prohibition, did I taste such lethal stuff as the first pint of authorized rye I bought after Repeal.

Amusing to observe, in the windows of new wine shops, bottles of sudden vintage (labels meaningless and provenance dubious) which not even a churn could harm—carefully laid out in little wicker pouring baskets.

☙ ☙

Bill Britton, traveller on the Coast wh keeps eye and mouth open for the ur usual meal, reports that after two years search he has located the *Tiny Lima Bean Hot Cakes* at Sears' Coffee Tavern, San Luis Obispo, California. He says they make an excellent half-way provender in his long drives from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

☙ ☙

The Columbus *Dispatch* prints a letter from Xenia, Ohio, signed R. O. W., which gives a new version of Sydney Porter's choice of a pen-name. R. O. W. writes:

"I was for a couple of years deputy state auditor under Hon. Joseph T. Tracy, and during that time there was in the clerical force of the office one O. Henry, a man of some ninety years of age, a captain in the Union army during the War of the Rebellion. He was an exceedingly fine scribe, used the old-fashioned Spencerian hand, and even at the advanced age at which he had arrived, he retained his ability to write a very good hand. Captain Henry had held a position in the Ohio penitentiary as a clerk, some years before Sydney Porter had been sent there as a prisoner, and during his employment in the office of this institution had always signed his name in his characteristic way, and Spencerian hand as O. Henry. When Porter was there he was given some office work, and one day, while perusing some of the old records, he ran across this name so beautifully written, 'O. Henry.' It impressed him so much that he decided to make it his pen-name, and thus did it originate."

☙ ☙

☞Arthur Bell notes that Dec. 15th was the 250th anniversary of Izaac Walton's death. Bless his old heart (meaning Izaak) we ourself once walked in his honor along the little river Lea in North London where he used to fish—past the Northern Outfall Sewer and the Refuse Destructor and the Tottenham Gas Works. ☞We enjoy imagining that the SATURDAY REVIEW mermaids are biogenetic descendants of old Izaak's milkmaids.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

LITERATURE has ceased in 1933 to be literary. It has turned financial, economic, prophetic, controversial, and what not? The drift is shown by the symposium of opinions collected by *Candide* on the question whether a professional writer should mix in political action and social controversies. The "Ayes" had it. A large majority of our leading men pronounced themselves in favor of an active participation of literature in all sorts of unliterary concerns. M. Julien Benda's "Trahison des Clercs" has changed sides. He declared traitors to their mission those learned men who place their talent at the service of "secular" aims and ends. It looks now as if the "Clerks' Treason" were to continue serving what is eternal, at the expense of what is transitory.

The effect of this new atmosphere has been to revive the taste for historical books which fictionized biographies had all but killed. Have you heard of the historical reprints published by Plon under the title *Bibliothèque Historique*? Paul Gautier's "Madame de Staël and Napoleon" and Henri Welschinger's "Divorce de Napoléon" are among the best "titles" of the series. I have read with interest Baron Desvernois's "Memoirs" republished under the title: "Avec Bonaparte en Italie et en Egypte." But the plums of the series seem to be: "Le Roi chez la Reine," an incredible but strictly accurate account, all founded on documents, of the marriage between Louis XIII and Anne d'Autriche which resulted at long last in the birth of Louis XIV; "Louis XV Intime and Les Petites Maîtresses," by Comte Fleury; "La Vie Privée de Talleyrand," by Bernard de Lacombe. These are not at all the sort of "curious" books which were once bought in back shops only by elderly gentlemen, and are nowadays written, read, and discussed by mental babies. But it must be owned that the reawakened interest of my compatriots in history books is far from being strictly historical.

They like history not because it is true, but because it is so often more romantic than a romance or more sordid than a slum novel. An excess of fiction, of invention, of exoticism has jaded the reader's nerves. He returns to history as a neurotic to the countryside. I am not sure that he will find rest and cure even in his native village. But he enjoys, at least for a time, the change of surroundings. He likes to feel that the earth under his feet is real, solid earth, not a plexus of pipes, wires, and sewers.

M. Raymond Poincaré's reminiscences, published under the title "Au Service de la France," are now nearing completion. Nine volumes have been published. The tenth is due this month (November). Their objectivity, the author's strict adherence to chronological order, the meticulousness of their documentation, seem to have disappointed some Americans. "What! no polemics; very few 'revelations'; then the thing is not news . . . a drama, yes, certainly, but undramatically presented. And what a world! See those French politicians fighting like cats while their sons were dying like heroes!"

And so on. . . I have heard all sorts of variations on that theme.

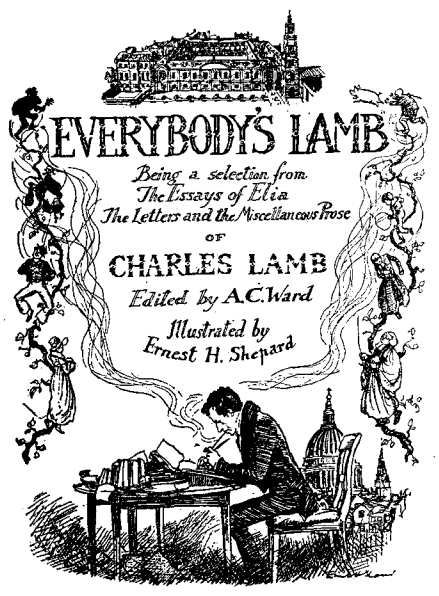
To the American reader, unfamiliar with even the names of our public men of the war period, the feline struggles of these ghosts must, indeed, seem bewildering. But does the American reader suppose that we are acquainted with the pet names of many political "pups" recurring in American memoirs? M. Poincaré's "Souvenirs" are not for those who are and will remain blissfully ignorant of foreign affairs. They are, first and foremost, for historians, students, universities, public men, and no self-respecting library can afford to be without them.

But they are not destitute of humor. Nor of tragedy. For, among the "fighting cats" of 1910-1920, there was at least one royal Tiger and two or three lairs of Jaguars, and dozens of smaller beasts of prey whose life or liberty were then at stake. Remember Caillaux and Malvy hunted and brought to bay. And Jaurès murdered. And Clemenceau, aged eighty, shot from behind in the neck and shoulders. Many less known but not less tragic encounters emerge from under M. Poincaré's dignified and restrained narrative.

I wonder whether the ante-war history of the truculent and sinister Bolo was ever brought in its entirety to the President's knowledge. I do not profess to be exhaustively acquainted with it, but I remember that Bolo, failing to "get round" the small but effective barrier of my American Bureau and to obtain a sort of mission to Central America, managed to get (through his bishop brother?) the highest and most holy introductions to the authorities of Columbia. I was told at the time by one who was in a position to know, that Bolo was persuaded by some wags that he could not be received at Bogota as a semi-diplomatic envoy if he was not clad in lion-skin breeches. And lion-skin breeches he ordered, with paws and claws dangling from the side pockets. He was, under Clemenceau's ministry, courtmartialled and shot at Vincennes, and died not unbravely. If ever another Dumas is born to us, Bolo should be one of his most picturesque villains.

It appears from Mr. Harold Nicolson's review of Mr. Lloyd George's Memoirs that the English statesman kept asking himself whether he would, or not, be able to make them interesting by the virtue of his style. M. Poincaré had no such qualms. He certainly never gave a thought to the question of style. These ten big volumes simply flowed from his pen, and he is publishing his Diary just as it was scrawled, night after night, under the impressions of the day. They would not be what they are, the true basis of any all-round history of the war period, if they were afflicted with that jauntiness which make of so many political reminiscences a journalistic feat and a nine days' wonder.

Payot's long, difficult, but very important work on philosophy, René Poirier's "Essai sur Quelques Caractères des Notions d'Espace et de Temps" (Vrin), made quite a stir at the Sorbonne and obtained some of the most coveted honors. Its full influence and repercussion cannot be felt yet, but they are sure to be considerable. One of the main ideas of the book is that the theory of relativity, although it has given rise to new interpretations of the universe, cannot and does not take us much farther towards the apprehension of reality. A great scientific progress has been accomplished; we have explored a larger field of what can be verified by measures and experiments. But our own contact with things of nature and the nature of things has not become more intimate. M. Poirier's book has been attacked as destructive. But does not the best constructive work follow a demolition rather than repairs and tinkerings?



Everybody's Lamb

WITH 50 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

E. H. SHEPARD

"And while we are on the subject of bedtime reading, let me heartily recommend Charles Lamb, as he is found in 'Everybody's Lamb,' ingeniously edited by A. C. Ward and delightfully illustrated by Shepard."—BEN RAY REDMAN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Here is one of my very favorite draughtsman, Ernest H. Shepard, doing work that surely he was partly born for . . . adding inimitably to the delights of Lamb."—WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

A companion volume to "Everybody's Boswell" and "Everybody's Pepys"

554 pages, $3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE and COMPANY

383 Madison Ave., New York

The New Books

Fiction

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN. By André Chamson. Holt. 1933. $2.

André Chamson writes of the villages and taverns of the little-penetrated Cevennes mountains, and his tales have something of the quality of their setting. They lie outside the main stream of things, and their people have the direct and personal intensity that comes from isolation where compromise has never been necessary. The present story opens typically. Out of the early falling dusk an unknown rider appears. One never knows just who he is or where he comes from. He never knows just who the people around him are or what they intend, but their unfriendliness is evident. Supper and lodging are given ungraciously, threats and a warning do little to induce sleep. His sudden sword thrust in the night at a softly moving intruder shows its mark the next morning on the wrist of the innkeeper's dark-eyed daughter. Riding out into the day, the stranger is forced into murder. The mountaineers inflamed against him, now with actual cause, band together and set up their angry watch at the mouth of the cave in which he takes refuge. It is here with the hero lying helpless with a broken leg upon a rocky shelf that the real drama of the story takes place. It is here that friendliness comes to him and a love credible only in such a time-pressed, world-shut-out interval. As the end comes nearer and nearer, that sword-thrust which turned away light love cuts off the one hope of any escape. Two in the cave will die, and no man will ever know. These caves take care of their own.

The period of the story is shortly after the Napoleonic wars, but it might almost as well have been today. The Cevennes people do not change within a century; their loves and hates flame up and die within the circle of their mountain-tops. A world outside learns and changes, the Cevennese feed upon themselves and remain the same. G. G.

THE TIDE. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

Just as the phrase "good theatre" is used to describe some plays, so a similar phrase might be used about novels like this one. "The Tide" is a facile book of exactly the sort which often becomes a box office success. It is the tale of a group of reporters, their exploitation of a messiah who arrives from the Near East, and the protection accorded him by one of the women reporters. N. E.

History

THE AUGUSTAN PRINCIPATE. By Mason Hammond. Harvard University Press. 1933. $3.50.

Whoever deals with a period already so copiously discussed as the age of Augustus must steer between the Scylla of the sound but obvious, and the Charybdis of the novel and untrue. Mr. Hammond manages it pretty well, laudably preferring to drift toward Scylla if drift he must; he maintains a thesis in constitutional theory, but yields when necessary to the weight of fact.

The thesis is a contention, against Mommsen's theory of the "dyarchy" of Emperor and Senate, that Augustus really did restore the republic; that in his principate "there was a single final authority" which was the Senate and People, even if that authority found it necessary to endow a single man with exceptional executive powers. That both Augustus and Tiberius would have desired this, under safeguards, is highly probable; Mr. Hammond properly observes that their consilium of magistrates and Senators might have developed into something like the British Cabinet, if later Emperors had not substituted for it a consilium of personal followers like the American Cabinet. None the less, in practice the necessary safeguards, from the first, inevitably overshadowed all the rest.

It is true that the proconsular imperium of Augustus was only an extraordinary command bestowed by legal authority for a fixed term, of the sort that has been held by other men all the way from Scipio Æmilianus to Franklin Roosevelt; but the preëxistent and determining condition was that Augustus had the army in fact, and did not intend to give it up. When the holder of such a command also had the power of a tribune, it is a little difficult to regard him as "the servant, not the master, of a restored Republic." One need only ask what would have happened if the consuls and Senate had ever disagreed with Augustus on what he regarded as a vital issue. It is true that such a situation never arose; but that, as Sherlock Holmes would say, was the curious incident.

Mr. Hammond's book, however, is a valuable and close-packed compendium of facts, with the relevant references, which should be useful to any student of the constitutional developments of the time. E. D.

International

THE HOMESICK MILLION. Russia-out-of-Russia. By W. Chapin Huntington. Boston: Stratford. 1933. $3.

Mr. Huntington was Commercial Attaché of the American Embassy in Petrograd at the time of the March and the Bolshevik revolutions, and friendships and acquaintances made then were resumed and extended later in France and other European countries. His book is the most complete account yet published of that huge dispersion through which something like a million Russians, a large part of whom were of "bourgeois" upbringing and tastes, let alone those who were leaders in their various fields, were scattered to the four winds. The French émigrés of a century and a half ago were a handful in comparison.

Important portions of that tragic story —the lot of those who fled to the Far East, for example, or emigrated to South America—are not considered here. Mr. Huntington sticks to Europe and more particularly to Paris, the center of the emigration, both in numbers and in organized effort. The exiles' jobs and their problems —those of bringing up children in a foreign land, for instance, of training citizens for that future Russia of which so many exiles dream, of preserving their religion —their tangled politics, their newspapers, books, and authors; all this and much more is considered in detail and with understanding sympathy.

Mr. Huntington's story suffers somewhat from the air which all of us breathe.

(*Continued on following page*)

Merry Christmas
to all
and
to all
a Good Night

illustrations by
Ernest Shepard from
"The Wind In the Willows" $1

Scribners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY has by now been so touted in America as an Irish wit that the Missourian mind is beginning to become just a trifle doubtful. Is he so tremendous after all? Certainly his has been a name to conjure with in Ireland, and the eulogy by *Horace Reynolds* printed as a foreword—one of the forewords—to "Selected Poems" by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Macmillan) could hardly farther go. The other foreword is by "*A. E.*" who takes large pleasure in "my friend's poetry." "He is never the professional poet made dull by the dignity of recognized genius." Possibly not, but he is a living poet who has allowed a fanfare of praise to be prefixed by his friends to his selected work. This, I think, is not in the best taste. In fact it amazes me that so astute a man as Gogarty is reported to be should have allowed such a thing to happen. It would seem to indicate very little sense of humor.

As to the wit. He tried to get William Butler Yeats to ride a horse, he succeeded in getting William Butler Yeats to go in swimming. The whole thing smacks of the practical joker and the "life of the party." Meeting a young poet in Dublin equipped with a particularly loud necktie he cried immediately, "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright!" Quick and apt, but hardly worth immortality. He is evidently a man of gusto, a man of energy, and obviously an attractive and likable man—for even the slight glimpse I once had of him in New York attested that fact. He is a man of wide reading and a phenomenal memory, it would seem, for poetry (not to point to the quotation from Blake, which anybody might use and not be noticed).

But at this point I feel slightly compunctious that the temperamental Missourian in me has, for the moment, got the upper hand. After all, the proper reporting of verbal wit is the most difficult thing in the world. So much of it depends upon circumstance. What seems excruciatingly funny at the time—but why labor the point.

I should rather turn to Mr. Gogarty's poetry. It is not first rate; but it has pith and originality. Unfortunately I do not know his limericks; though the late Mr. Geoffrey Scott also had a large collection of nefarious limericks, and I heard him say a great many of them one evening, I doubt if Gogarty's are better. Poetry, however—let us stick to that. Gogarty has his own trenchant word for "Spiteful Persons":

Your Envy pleases me and serves
My fame by all your muttering talk,
Just as the starling flock that swerves
With shrieks aside, and shows the hawk.

Men will lift up the head to stare,
Although it never stoop to strike,
At that still pinion stretched on air,
When all such chattering fills the dyke.

Conceited, but well said! Landor would have greatly liked it. Then the spontaneous outburst, "O Boys! O Boys!" is most engaging. Thank God for it, in a day when so many are life-sick, heart-sick, mind-sick, and soul-sick. It is good to have the hearty affirmation once in a while that life has, after all, been quite a bit of fun. And "To the Maids not to Walk in the Wind" is as graceful as though it had been done by a slyer Herrick. Then there is that remarkable poem on dining well, addressed to his friend, the Right Honorable Lorcan Galeran, beginning

Meridian man, Enstomacher,
For whom the whole world's fruits are fare,
For whom all Life is but a Feast's,
And all the world is filled with Guests!

When we reach the verse

Still from your cellars' costly glooms
Each bottle like an Orpheus comes,
And bends his golden neck till we
Can all but clasp Eurydice

surely we hear rare Ben Jonson's applause from the shades. Wholly delightful is "Europa and the Bull," making stale legend young and living—told with the painter's eye, with the originality of a humorous mind, with the chanting gusto of a true singer. Hardly for a bespectacled "modern" day, but then what says Gogarty to that, in his "New Forms":

I gathered marble Venus in my arms,
Just as the rabble crowded on the stair.
I said, For her the sea gave up its storms;
And gently on her body breathed the air.
Alas, she fell, and broke to many pieces:
Discovered later by a Professor,
He cried, "New forms, new forms!" And
wrote a thesis.

Wholly lovely is "Leda and the Swan." Such things go back to Greek legend, of course, and are therefore taboo. We have our tribal customs of today. But the point is, naturally, that Mr. Gogarty's legends are anything but classically cold. Galatea steps from her pedestal far more lovely for being human—and Irish!

Well, here's a good writing man, with something of Horace in him, something of Panurge, something of Falstaff. He can sing in rare vein. He can make you think of the good masculine things in poetry—of Sir John Suckling, of Sir Thomas Wyatt, of the great John Donne even. (And I find from him that it was Galen who first remarked the jocundity in Cocks and Lyons, and not Donne after all.) But, of course, all this is wrong. A modern poet who bases poems on classical mythology, and reminds you of elder singers occasionally, can surely be of no importance to modernity. At which point I am moved to use a modern vulgarism, and remark merely, "Nerts!"

Good luck to you, Mr. Gogarty! I began with a cavil but I ended in a revel. It is as you say to the mushroom:

Thine example shows quite clearly
That the things we think deranged
Would be most delightful merely,
Merely if the scene were changed.

"POWDER RIVER" JACK

And then here's "Powder River" Jack Lee, who with his wife, Kittie Lee, appeared at the Madison Square Garden Rodeo last Fall. They sing at private entertainments, rodeos, state fairs out West, and at present are making a tour of the Northwestern states. Here's "West of Powder River," Jack Lee's book of the kind of things he sings, made into a good-looking volume by the Huntington Press at 205 East 42nd Street, this city, with a foreword by Courtney Riley Cooper and illustrations by Paul Honoré. Each ballad has a note to it, informative concerning its contents, and the book has a glossary of cowboy lingo. This is the real cowboy stuff. There is humor and homely sentiment, and always verve and genuine familiarity with the West of the buckaroo. "Powder River, Let 'Er Buck!" And these verses do buck-jump, hither and yon. Mr. Lee even includes a versified recipe for sourdough bread! He presents many phenomena of the West: the silver stallion of Ashurst Lake, the "desert rat" who was "staked out" for the desert ants to devour, the lone white wolf, the riding of Idaho Jack, the gun-fanning of Roulette Kate, an account of Preacher Dunn, the outlaw horse no one could ride, the Windigo Devil Fox, the Road-runner who kills snakes, Nigger the Malamute, and many other people and animals. His rhapsody on old Big Ben, the grizzly bear, is good stuff; and throughout there is a store of cowboy terms that the earlier Kipling would have loved. Almost best I like "The Big Horn Queen," a description of how "Powder River" Jack himself rode a "sure enough outlaw" in the "free fer all" rodeo at Alliance, Nebraska, in 1905. And I like the note to it, beginning, "Once I was broke. And that wasn't the last time either."

Ah shore reckon this bronc hain't a hobby hoss,
Saddle all a-quiver from the cantle tuh the horn.
Ah hear the megyphones, a-shoutin' from the gran-stan,
"The wust darn buckin' hoss that evah wuz born."
Ah nevah hankered fer tuh eddicate a wild cat,
Ah nevah knowed a croppy had the brains of a flea.
But Ah'm a-needin' dough an' when mah roll's gone low
Thar's no damned cayuse a-goin' tuh pile me.

The dress of this verse is about as shaggy and rough as the coat of that "motherless fuzzytail" of Jack's. But it doesn't pretend to be poetry.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Although tens of thousands of Russian refugees are still living in difficult circumstances, without secure jobs as well as without a country, the world assumes that after fifteen years the bulk of the problem must be, as the Bolsheviks are so fond of saying, "liquidated." Americans, particularly, forget, if they ever understood, the sort of Europe into which these hordes of unfortunate men and women were flung. Four years ago, after a careful survey of the situation, an American organization, the United Russian Relief, undertook to act as a clearing-house for the various relief agencies then working, as well as to raise funds for what was planned to be a sort of "relief to end relief." It was the financial crash of the autumn of that year, and not any change in the situation of the refugees themselves, which compelled the U. R. R. to postpone its efforts.

What has happened everywhere since then need not be retold. Its effect on the already precarious position of innumerable Russian refugees can be guessed. With many millions of our own citizens out of work, however, the plight of the "homesick million" is likely to be overlooked. Nostalgia for a lost cause or a lost homeland makes very appealing reading for those who are thoroughly comfortable and sure of themselves. It is less relished in times like these. The Russian emigrés are facts, nevertheless, and such they will continue to be for an indefinite time to come, and here, sympathetically and intelligently told, is a significant chapter in their story for those who are interested.

Brief Mention

Many readers who have been unable to purchase so elaborate a work as Garnett and Gosse's *Illustrated History of English Literature* will be glad to be told of a reliable one-volume book by J. W. Cunliffe, called *Pictured Story of English Literature,* very elaborately illustrated (Appleton-Century, $5). * * * Another illustrated book is Matthew Merian's *Illustrated Bible,* edited and annotated by William Lyon Phelps (Morrow, $2.75). On each page of this book is one of the quaint and often amusing illustrations from the original Bible with four lines of equally quaint verse and a descriptive note by the editor. Although the art is superior to the archaeology, it is an excellent book for a child. * * * Two small volumes of interest are Charles H. Grandgent's *Imitation* (Harvard, $2). There are very few writers of the familiar essay left in this hurried world. Grandgent is one of the best and this collection is thoroughly characteristic of his work. * * * Closer to criticism and scholarship is the volume edited by H. J. C. Grierson, *Edinburgh Essays on Scots Literature* (Oliver & Boyd, London). We note this book particularly because it contains a study of Robert Henryson, one of the best medieval poets, whose work has dropped out of notice because it was written in Scots instead of the more familiar English of Chaucer. * * * From the Harvard Press also comes an extremely useful book for students and readers of the 18th century, *The Clubs of Augustan London,* by Robert J. Allen ($3). It is a careful account of such famous clubs as *The Kit-Kats, The Mohocks, The Fictitious Club,* and of the relations of the clubs to the famous essay periodicals of the era. * * * Among miscellaneous we list a picturesque book called *Hounds and Hunting Through the Ages,* by Joseph B. Mounds (Windward House, $5), full of curious information and anecdotes and interestingly illustrated; also a very useful guide to the use of leisure in New York called *Spend Your Time,* published by the Lincoln School at Teachers College. It is a bibliography of museums, municipal plants of all kinds, libraries, schools, athletic opportunities, historic homes, etc.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

Mexican Painting. R. Montenegro. Appleton-Century. *Archeological Monuments of Mexico.* Appleton-Century. *Three Centuries of Mexican Colonial Architecture.* Appleton-Century. *A Manual of Historic Ornament.* R. Glazier. Scribners. $4.

BELLES LETTRES

From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc. K. Brégy. Milwaukee: Bruce. $1.75. *Essays and Studies in English and Comparative Literature.* By members of the English Department of the Univ. of Michigan. Univ. of Michigan Press.

BIOGRAPHY

Mont Blanc Sideshow: The Life and Times of Albert Smith. J. M. Thorington. Winston. $2.50.

INTERNATIONAL

The Unanimity Rule and the League of Nations. C. A. Riches. Johns Hopkins Pr. $2.25. *The Sterling-Dollar-Franc Tangle.* Macr $1.75.

MISCELLANEOUS

An Anthology of Elizabethan Dedi and Prefaces. Ed. C. Gebert. Univ. of Pe vania Pr. *Fire Fighters.* J. J. Floherty. Doubleday. $1.50. *The Magician's Manual.* Ed. W. Gibson. Blue Ribbon. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

George Edward Bateman Saintsbury. Oxford Univ. Pr. 60 cents. *The Unwritten Literature of the Hopi. H. G. Lockett.* University of Arizona Pr. 15 cents. *Arizona Cacti.* W. P. Stockwell and L. Breazeale. University of Arizona Pr. 25 cents.

RELIGION

I Follow the Road. A. B. Payson. Abingdon. $1. *God at Work.* W. A. Brown. Scribners. $2.50.

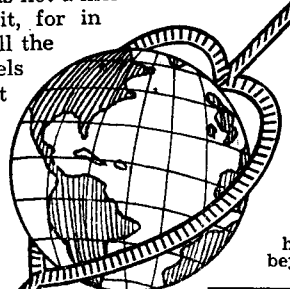
A Book for the New Year

SO LOVED THE WORLD

A NARRATIVE-POEM OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST

by VIRGINIA L. PAINE

FREDERICK THOMPSON, the well-known New York editor, says: "The sheerest kind of pleasure, I believe, is to be found in what the author has done; here is found the truest realism because it is most complete. It is not a mere view as some would characterize it, for in reality it embraces all the small intimate marvels of our universe that we commonly identify as natural, and it stands at the edge of, and looks fearlessly and delightedly off towards, the larger realities."



Mrs. Paine is the wife of a distinguished navigator and herself knows the wide places of the sea, and anyone who does, has with the twin glasses of the eye looked into the infinite, and with the mind, turned headlands which lie beyond the stars.

The author's sources are the four Gospels, many hours of solitude at sea, and the memory of what others have expressed in pictures, music and words.

$2.00

Secure your copy today

At All Booksellers

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

158 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

PROGRAMS FOR A CIVIC CLUB

WE'VE had a letter from *G. B. of Cavalier, N. Dak.*, asking us for suggestions for programs for a civic club for the next year which waked a chord of memory in our mind. It carried us back to the days of our youth when we used to visit our grandmother in a suburb of New York boasting an active literary circle and a men's club which met to discuss problems of the day. What doings there were when the meeting fell at our grandmother's house, what baking of delectable cakes and making of sandwiches, what blazing candelabras when the dining-room table extended to its full length was finally groaning under cold meats, and dishes of olives and celery, with an enormous bowl of fruit in the center and bottles of beer and wine at the ends. We used to steal surreptitious glances at it as the guests assembled, and then were herded off to the top of the stairs where the wives of the diners were collected waiting to drink in the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the speakers below. Those words we never heard, for sleep had claimed us long before they were uttered, but the memory of the occasion has dwelt with us ever since. So we're delighted to have some part at last in a program for a club even though again we can't participate in the proceedings.

We can't tell from G. B.'s letter along just what lines the group of women for whom she wishes suggestions intend to work, so as a way out of the difficulty we're presenting alternative programs. What interests us all preponderantly today, we venture to guess, is the complex of problems which besets the nation and the world at large. We all want light on the economic and political situation, all need an understanding of the underlying factors of the present world muddle. If G. B.'s club would like to get a bird's-eye view of affairs both here and abroad they might begin their discussions with THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY (Knopf), by G. D. H. Cole, which brings into focus the condition of the various European nations and the main problems at issue between them, and follow it with Maurice Hallgren's SEEDS OF REVOLT (Knopf), a presentation of the socio-political status of the United States. The shadow of Germany is so large and menacing over the world today that it demands special attention from all who are earnestly interested in public affairs. There is Hitler's own enunciation of his faith in his MY BATTLE (Houghton Mifflin), a cloudy and amazing document, and an excellent brief outline of the character of fascist Germany in Hamilton Armstrong's HITLER'S REICH (Macmillan) which might serve as a springboard to an afternoon on Germany. If the club would get further insight into the evolution of the country they might turn to Edgar Ansel Mowrer's GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK (Morrow), a keen analysis of the development of the Germany of the present from the nascent republic of post-Armistice days. Then a book that should give occasion for lively debate—or rather two books that should are John Strachey's THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER and THE MENACE OF FASCISM (Covici-Friede). This young man, son of the late St. Loe Strachey, and brought up in a Liberal tradition, has flashed meteorically across the horizon of English politics, and, after a brief association with the Moseley party, is now the outstanding exponent of British communism. He has been lecturing to admiring, if not always convinced, audiences in this country for the past few months, and his ready wit, his urbane sarcasm, and general air of enjoying a fray have kept his listeners, both in a lecture hall and at a lunch table, in a pleasant state of alertness. His books are stimulants to discussion. If, however, the club prefers to concentrate on the specifically home field, and to take up the work of the Administration and the problems that confront it, it might center its study about books like Bernard Fay's ROOSEVELT AND HIS AMERICA (Little, Brown), Ernest K. Lindley's THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION (Viking), Cleveland Rodgers's THE ROOSEVELT PROGRAM (Putnam), and AMERICA SWINGS TO THE LEFT (Dodd, Mead), by Alva Lee.

But possibly G. B.'s friends rather than the America of the moment would turn their attention to their country as it was in the years before the war, believing that to understand the present it is well to know the past. If that is the case an interesting program could be built around such books as the recently issued LETTERS OF GROVER CLEVELAND (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Allan Nevins, with which it would be well to read the biography (Dodd, Mead) of the President issued last year by Mr. Nevins which won the Pulitzer prize; Tyler Dennett's LIFE OF JOHN HAY (Dodd, Mead), which takes up the thread of government at a later date, and two volumes of lively and picturesque character which cover the same period in part. The first of these is the late Ambassador Jusserand's WHAT ME BEFELL (Houghton Mifflin), a chronicle which divides its record between experiences in France, England, and the America of the first Roosevelt's régime, and which has the distinction which always attached to anything M. Jusserand did, and the second is Alice Roosevelt Longworth's CROWDED HOURS (Scribners), an entertaining narrative in which personal anecdote and political incident jostle each other on every page.

We've made the foregoing suggestions on the assumption that because G. B. represented a civics club she was specifically interested in problems of government and historical import. But we may have gone wide of the mark. If so, and she will let us know just what sort of programs she desires, we'll try to draw some up on another tack.

BIOGRAPHIES OF PETER THE GREAT

And now we have a number of miscellaneous inquiries to take up. There's *M. S. of Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada,* for instance, who wants "something on a biography of Peter the Great." One of the best lives of the Russian emperor (now out of print) is an old one, Eugene Schuyler's PETER THE GREAT, issued in two volumes in 1884 by Scribners. Mr. Schuyler founded his study "on original documents in the archives of various countries, on the Russian collections of laws and state papers, on the memoirs and accounts of Peter's contemporaries, the works of Russian historians, and most of the important books written on the subject by foreigners." We took the volumes from our shelf a few moments ago, and were fascinated as we hastily turned the pages by the anecdotes which darted out from almost every page and by the pictures scattered lavishly through the books. These are volumes to settle down to when there's a prospect of a stretch of time for leisurely reading. In the meanwhile, if M. M. S. wants briefer and newer studies, she might get any one of three works which have appeared within the past five years, PETER THE GREAT (Simon & Schuster), by Stephen Graham, who has lived long in Russia and written much upon it, and who tells his tale in fluent and lively fashion; Georges Oudard's PETER THE GREAT (Harcourt, Brace), translated from the French by F. M. Atkinson, and A. N. Tolstoy's PETER THE GREAT (Covici-Friede).

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

The second of our miscellaneous inquiries is from *O. N. L. D. of Oak Bluffs, Miss.*, who wishes a good college text on the history of England. Perhaps the most satisfactory volume for her purposes is A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Ginn), by Edward P. Cheyney, a work which presents the broad stream of events in succinct outline with special emphasis upon the effect of social and economic conditions upon politics. Many details are of necessity omitted, but for a panoramic survey of the course of English development this is an excellent work. Similar in kind to it is Frederick M. Dietz's POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Macmillan). A lengthier work, but also an excellent one, is Robert B. Mowat's NEW HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN (Oxford University Press), which originally appeared in three volumes but is now to be had in one. We know, of course, that Green's HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE (Dutton: Everyman) is literature rather than definite history, yet we think that anyone interested in the annals of Great Britain ought to read it, if only for the intense interest it is sure to awaken in the social development of that nation. We still look back upon our perusal of its four volumes during a summer vacation when we were still a schoolgirl as one of the high spots in our reading, and trace back to it the enormous admiration we have always felt for the English people, and our lively interest in their political and parliamentary affairs.

BOTANY MANUALS

But we mustn't linger on O. N. L. D.'s question any longer, but pass on to the request of *S. W. B. of Fullerton, Md.*, for a book on botany and plants. He wishes also to purchase a volume (profusely illustrated in color) on trees and shrubs. For the latter we refer him to the list we printed two weeks ago; at any rate we'll send him a clipping of it. As to the former, either A TEXTBOOK OF GENERAL BOTANY FOR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES (Wiley), by Richard M. Holman and Wilfrid M. Robbins, or THE NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT OF PLANTS (Holt), by Carlton C. Curtis, ought to meet his needs. Both of these books are easy reading and packed with useful information. The first mentioned is in use at Columbia University, where the authorities think highly of it. McGraw-Hill publishes a somewhat more advanced work, which is also excellent, in Sinnott's PRINCIPLES OF BOTANY.

THE ROAD TO SLIMNESS

And now, in the midst of our own noble attempt to give up bread and potatoes which we prefer to all the sweets which have ever issued from the vats of candydom, comes a request from *J. R. of Portland, Me.*, for "the latest and best books on reducing exercises, something that has the exercises written out and explained." We've got the title of a book that would seem to fill her need, and we hope J. R. will have the resolution to put its instructions to use. It's REDUCE WHERE YOU NEED TO (Liveright), by Marjorie Dork, which gives precise directions accompanied by illustrations for the exercises it recommends. Apparently the world is too lazy to be willing to devote itself with assiduity to losing weight by exercise, and as a result books on the subject are few in number. But this one looks good.

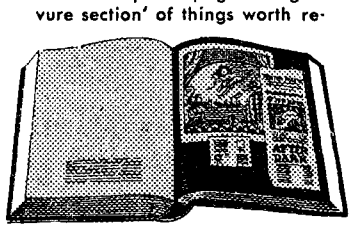
CANNED SPEECHES

Still another of the requests which we have received which may not lie in the field of literature but which yet does belong in that of books is the inquiry of *C. S. of Dayton, O.*, for "any books or papers containing talks such as are given at the various clubs each week." There's one which seems to fill the bill in James Schermerhorn's SCHERMERHORN'S SPEECHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS (Sully). This contains addresses adapted for use on Armistice Day, for a West Point reunion, for a bankers' club, for a reception to Admiral Byrd, for a meeting of automobile manufacturers, etc., etc. Probably C. S. would be well advised to edit any speech he uses so as to make its bearing for his special audience more personal.

And now we find the next instalment of our list for X, which we meant to print this week, will have to wait for next.

Christopher
MORLEY

His book of delightful new essays, with a unique 14-page 'rotogravure section' of things worth remembering, is **"a gift for any member of the human race worthy of the appellation human being"** says Sterling North in the Chicago *Daily News*. We think you may still be able to get a First Edition at your bookstore. $2.50



INTERNAL REVENUE

For really thoughtful gifts to please any reader of Morley — **HUMAN BEING**, a novel, $2.50 — **FIFTH AVENUE BUS**, an omnibus, $2.00 — **MANDARIN IN MANHATTAN**, Chinese "translations", Illus. $2.00 *Doubleday, Doran*

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 *East 56th Street, New York City.*

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA IN ALL Languages, books on Russian art our specialty. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INTERESTING CATALOGUE FIRST EDITIONS gladly mailed. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, PRESS BOOKS. Correspondence solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED *Authors* listed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, 300 Madison Avenue.

AMERICAN literature and history; catalogue 17. Norman A. Hall, 67 Union St., Newton Centre, Mass.

RARE BOOKS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS. 18th, 19th Century and Modern First Editions of outstanding English literature, in collector's condition. Scarce Americana. Sporting and color plate books. Original drawings of Aiken, Cruikshank, Thackeray and, especially, Rowlandson. Catalogue ready. Hamill and Barker, 700 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

"L'ILLUSTRATION" Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $2.25. One of the most fascinating, STRIKINGLY color-illustrated French Children's Christmas Picture books: "LE ROI BABAR," sequel to "HISTOIRE de BABAR" and "VOYAGE de BABAR," story of an elephant; each $2.50. FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail order Catalogue, 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

GENERAL

BOOKLOVERS! By direct contact, I wish to reach the individual desiring personal service. Write for particulars. Copelin R. Day, Summit, N. J.

ASSOCIATION BOOKS, bookplates, first editions. Catalogue now ready. C. H. Page, Gilmanton, N. H.

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY

£100 CASH OFFERED FOR NOVEL; particulars free. MSS. all kinds also invited for publication. Stockwell, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill, *London, England.*

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

OLD PRINTS

COLORED PRINTS for gifts, decoration or framing. Beautiful flowers and quaint fashion prints, hand-colored and delicate lithographs. Send $1.00 for special assortment of 10. Money returned if not satisfied. Oxford Book Shop, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books. Reasonably and promptly supplied.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of the Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

EVEN GEMS of Literature need Polishing. Let me have your rough diamonds. Proof reading, copy editing; suggestions for revising, bibliographies, reading; by former copy editor and literary editor. $1.00 an hour. Ms. criticized $5.00. Consult *Sat. Review* for references from editors as to speed, keenness, honesty. E. Humphreys, 40 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

ENERI YELNOC I have a very high opinion of you. Mr. B.

AUDREY. I have always wanted to meet a girl named Audrey. I care not whether she is dark or blond, lean or fat. Touchstone.

COLLEGE graduate, secretarial experience, seeks interesting literary work. French major. Box 397.

YOUNG woman has limited fund for six months intensive study, professional, constructive, provided can find livable workroom. Budget allows twenty dollars monthly rent. Can use attic or partly furnished room if light, large, clean, quiet. East thirties preferred. Box 398.

WOULD young lady with taste for sports and dancing and with an interest in literature and music write medium-browed young New Yorker, 28? Box 399.

FOR SALE: Only book shop in south Florida city over 100,000 population. Established three years. Circulating library. Steady all year business. Selling due illness owner. Box 400.

WILL Parel Milchen who answered ad recently, and received no reply, please write Box 401.

WANTED: Business woman, likes reading, to sublet room, kitchenette, bath apartment, completely furnished. East Seventies, for month of January, $30. Must be kind to books. Box 402.

FOUR strings of infinite variety and expression upon which you press the drama of a life, yet leave no marks after the story is told—the violin. This writer teaches violin playing to mean that much, and has proven his contentions as soloist with famous orchestras, in recitals, as editor of some of the best works, and teacher of violinists holding important positions. Box 403.

WHEN you feel lonesome in a museum, try an ENJOY YOUR MUSEUM booklet. Painting, Etching, Watercolors, Pottery, Hopi Pottery, Navajo Rugs,—others to follow. 10c each at your museum; when ordering by mail add 2c postage for every three booklets. Esto Publishing Co., Post Office Box 46, Pasadena, California.

WHAT can you give? We can offer a good old-fashioned, small-town Christmas in the city apartment of two sisters, around forty, but not drab. If you care for new interests and can contribute congenial personality, we have a pipe by the fireside. "Adventure."

MERRY Christmas to you and you and you.
THE MIXERS.

RESEARCH Workers in British Periodicals of nineteenth century, who wish to share ideas write MAGA.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by
CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Nihil Obstat

THE wanderings of "Ulysses" are at an end. Thanks to Bennett Cerf's fine advocacy, he has found a home in America, and we shall soon be seeing in print those sturdy old Anglo-Saxon radices which neither Angles nor Saxons knew how to spell. I purpose to make it a duty, a possibly excruciating duty, to read "Ulysses" in the new Random House edition, the first American edition, the first authentic edition anywhere beyond the Seizième Arrondissement. From what I already know of "Ulysses," which is little enough, I agree with Judge Woolsey concerning its non-aphrodisiacal qualities. Of its worth as an opiate the court, lacking jurisdiction, offered no opinion, nor shall I in advance; my acquaintance with Joyce is limited to a reading of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which Mr. Huebsch had the acumen to publish here before London would venture it between covers—a grand tribute to his own intelligence and to a grand book.

Yes, "Ulysses" is about to come out into the sunshine. But let it not be assumed that he has been an under-cover man these past eleven years. Not, at any rate, in these slowly reuniting States. Glance, if you will, through the dispassionate statistical pages of "American Book-Prices Current." In the 1924 volume he is recorded as having appeared three times at auction, in 1925 twice, in 1926 twice (one copy was unopened—what price aphrodisiacalness?—$12.50, if you must know), in 1927 six times, in 1928 once, in 1929, 1930, and 1931 no times, and in 1932 four. One of the 1932 copies, bound in three-quarter morocco, read "Ulysses S. Grant" on the backstrip—to such innocent subterfuges do our homing pigeons stoop.

We have not, then, been utterly without copies of "Ulysses" to read during this moral decade—a decade that has seen the K. K. K. rise and collapse and the bathtub revert to the purposes of superficial sanitation. Nor have all the available copies been hawked in public. For every example offered at auction there have been a dozen to twenty in the Fourth Avenue shops, and Lord knows how many on and off Fifth.

The manuscript of "Ulysses" was Lot 4936 in the John Quinn sale at the Anderson Galleries in January, 1924. It brought $1,975—a little more than a dollar and a half a quarto sheet, or about half a cent a word. Joyce probably thought it a fantastic price.

J. T. W.

One Word More

THE great Egyptienne Straights controversy of recent dates (specifically October 28th and November 25th) having been decided without the sullying of either party's honor, it might reasonably and gratefully have been assumed that the Compleat Collector was done forever with cigarette cards and could return to his proper and peculiar muttons. But a banner unfurled often eludes the best-intentioned efforts to recase it. Donald Van Brakle writes from Crown Point, New York:

> So cigarette cards have become collectors' desiderata! It happens that I am probably (I use the word with caution on two counts) the owner of a complete set of fifty Indians, a complete-but-one set of fifty Cowboys, and complete sets of each of two forty-card series of Wild Animals—the latter the first cards to be issued, if memory does not err. My collection has for seven years been in storage in a distant city. I have no accurate record of its full contents, but I do know that I have several kinds not included in the list you give—Prize Fighters, Explorers, Fish, etc. I shall be glad to get into touch with any who may be interested in this branch of collecting, with a view to exchange or chat.

Mr. Van Brakle, if you had only addressed me at Middletown, Connecticut, about the time the Schley-Sampson debate was raging! There was current in those days, you may recall, a rumor that the canny cigarette people who were looked upon as a pretty low crowd anyway deliberately withheld certain units in sundry series so that the collector might keep on buying and buying in an inevitably frustrate effort to complete his sets—man never was, but always to be, blest. It was a commercially sound if somewhat uncrickety idea, and I have often wondered since whether it was actually adopted. Your letter offers evidence both for and against. Your Wild Animals, both series, are complete—the llama has lain down with the leopard, the ibex with the ichneumon. But what of the lacking Cowboy? Was he the creature of song and fable who knew he done wrong, and, having committed errors unprintable, was he therefore left unprinted?

After today these columns will have no more to say of cigarette cards unless further matter of superlative import is contributed to the discussion. But a moral remains to be drawn before the subject is forever dismissed. If book-collector and bookseller would forgo chasing each other from high-spot to high-spot, if cataloguers would refrain from ululating over the blighting potentialities of casual inscriptions on end-papers (as if a second-hand book gained in value from the fact that a previous owner thought too little of it to declare his ownership), if bibliographers had to be licensed before they were allowed to bibliograph, if booksellers would date their catalogues (month and year), if these and a hundred other bibliophilic reforms could be effected, they would be heralded in these columns with such hurrahs that there .would be no space in which to discuss such a sentimentally congenial subject as cigarette cards.

J. T. W.

In Lieu of Reviews

THE *Quarterly News-Letter of the Book Club of California* printed in Centaur and Lettre Batarde is as nice a bit of printing as one could ask for. "Modernism" in typography will have to go far to better it.

Book Collector's Packet for June-July contains an interesting and worth-preserving article on an unrecorded private press, the Maverick Press of Hervey White at Woodstock, New York, founded in 1910. In its smaller form, the *Packet* is an attractively printed magazine.

The John Calhoun Club of Chicago announces the publication in 1934 of "A History of Printing in the United States," by Douglas C. McMurtrie. This will be the first history of the press in the United States since Isaiah Thomas's two volumes issued at Worcester in 1810 (a second edition was issued at Albany in 1874). Mr. McMurtrie has been preparing the way for this venture for some years, by the issuance of monographs and books on the printing history of various sections of the country. It is a field well worth tilling, and the book will be awaited with great interest.

We are greatly pleased to announce the projected publication of a complete edition of the Vermont writer, Rowland E. Robinson. He is not widely known, but is much beloved by those who read him. This edition, in seven volumes, at the reasonable price of $2.50 a volume, will be issued to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Robinson's birth, by the Tuttle Co. of Rutland, from designs by Vrest Orton.

The Woodcut Society, 1234 Board of Trade, Kansas City, Mo., announces "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds," designed, type set, cut, and printed on the hand press by Allen Lewis, 200 copies exclusively for members of the Society. Mr. Lewis is one of the most vigorous of our wood engravers, and the book should be worth having. Membership in the Society is $10.

R.

PERSONALS

LETTERS would please depression-stranded Oregon logging-camp schoolmarm mightily. "Forlorna."

GRADUATE student, 22, appreciatively but not creatively interested in music, painting and other arts, good sense of humor (even enjoys laughing at himself), sympathetique, dislikes any bourgeois snobbishness and narrowness, enthusiastic, a little moody; planning second inexpensive (trains 3rd class; afoot, freighters, etcetera) trip in Continental and Mediterranean countries, starting February. Would like to join graduate of same age, temperament and interests already planning similar trip. Mutual interview Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. Object: companionship. O. M. B.

CULTURED gentleman, 41, widower, college bred, traveled, sophisticated, author of numerous published magazine articles, lecturer, desires modest literary or lecturing connection anywhere. "Desirable."

MIDDLE-AGED man, thoroughly educated, former tutor, and Supt. boys' private school, widely traveled, alone by death of family, desires resident tutor, or companion position. "Agreeable."

WOMAN, Protestant, mature, of London education, specially fond of best music and conversational French, wishes correspondence with gentleman of similar tastes.
"Marie."

ATTRACTIVE Virginian, college graduate, ex-teacher, will exchange services as secretary, companion or tutor for maintenance in well-to-do home. Well traveled and interested in people. Excellent horsewoman, good swimmer and dancer. Anxious to return to Palm Beach and Miami. Free to travel anywhere. Virginia.

SMALL Personal Gifts: *Philosophy and Poetry* by George Boas, $.75; *Some Roots of English Poetry* by Robert Hillyer, $.75; *New Horizons* by J. Edgar Park, $1.50. Post Free. Wheaton College Press, Norton, Mass.

COLLEGE graduate teaching—lonesome. Like to exchange ideas on music, dramatics, and psychology. Versa Tile.

MAN, 60, doesn't realize it, in New York two days a week, enjoys museums, theatres, poking around, would appreciate someone t do it with. Sixty.

WIDOWER, American, middle-aged, desires correspondence with attractive, cultured woman. Protestant. Over 35 years of age. Connecticut.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, residing east or west, benevolently inclined, may write "John Randolph."

CHICAGOAN, young English instructor, seeks congenial work anywhere. "Bloody But Unbowed."

GHOST-WRITER; plays, motion-pictures, stories, articles. Collaborator famous novelist. Moderate fee. Southard, 140 Claremont Avenue, Monument 2-4600, N. Y. C.

BEAUTIFUL home; exceptional environment and care for elderly person or invalid. "Rochester, N. Y."

ESCAPE FROM THE BUGHOUSE of this moron civilization! Send 3c postage for our unique plan of connecting those still remaining sane, by correspondence. Unusual books loaned free. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York, N. Y.

UNA señorita, graduada de un colegio, está estudiando el español y quiere que alguien, joven o viejo, que sepa esta lengua le escriba a ella cartas españolas. ¿Diría ella cuantos años tiene, y quí es su objeto? Pues, tiene diez y seis años y su intención es aprender el español como se habla, en un modo entretenido. Box 404.

WANTED an IDEA or product. Old, well-established firm with plenty of capital operating in Rocky Mountain territory has seasonal business; needs new product to manufacture or distribute. Box 405.

HASN'T someone inherited a Furness Variorum Shakespeare, full or broken set, which he doesn't need and will sell reasonably? Box 406.

PERSONAL

News in (and out of) our personals: A lady wants a tenant who will be "good to books." . . . An author who advertised for a publisher feels that the editor of the Review *and the editor of this department aren't co-operating—he ran the advertisement, and then had a poem rejected. . . . "I'm glad you didn't accept that 'ad,' as the man I wanted to make jealous has 'made up.'" . . . If someone in the snowy country, not too far from a metropolis, would advertise Sunday meals in a civilized environment for urban motorists, it would be good news*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERHAPS *You'd Be Surprised*

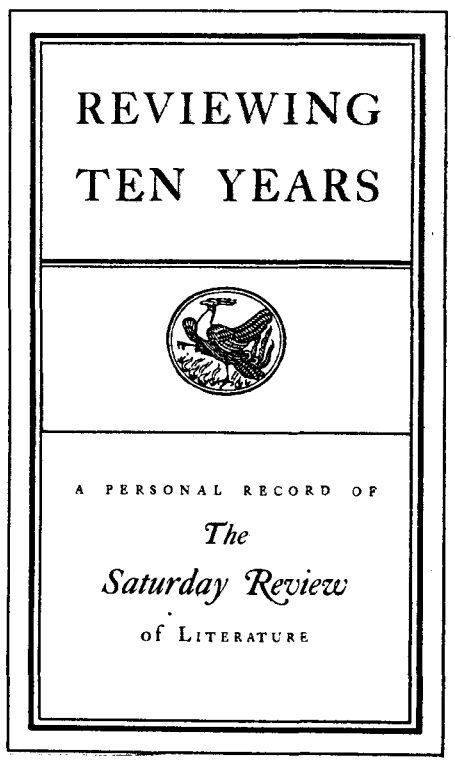
to learn that even the supposedly peaceful career of book-reviewing has its romantic excitements. It was the crash of an airplane in the Alleghany Mountains that moved the *Saturday Review* from a converted brewery on East 39th Street to new quarters on West 45th. Literature is created—and criticized—by human beings, subject to tragedies of circumstance and oddities of chance. And when W. R. B. sat down to write

REVIEWING TEN YEARS

A PERSONAL RECORD OF

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

it was the intimate and individual phases of this magazine's first decade that most appealed to him. Together with some high Phoenician comment on the significant writing of these zigzag years he has also given us inside glimpses of the personal elements in our adventure. How the "type-lice" got into the galleys back in the old days of the *Literary Review,* how Mr. Cyrus Curtis chuckled at an apt quotation from Shakespeare, how Sir Kenelm Digby begot P. E. G. Quercus and then a whole shoal of flexible mermaids, how the editors wrote epitaphs for one another, and why the Business Manager went sharpshooting at lighted candles on Sixth Avenue—these engaging trivia are an essential part of the story. Literature that is dead.



(Front Cover, ¼ size)

SO W. R. B.'s 24-page resumé, charmingly printed in a handsome booklet with 2-color cover and autographed by Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, William Rose Benét, and Christopher Morley, is not only a thoughtful essay on the writings of our time but also an "Item" of strongly personal associations. It tells a history not without occasional importance—*e.g.,* the serial publication of Joseph Conrad's last novel, or an economic book review that had international influence. There are only 500 copies—and the signers have implored us not to print any more; at least until their phalanges have recuperated.

12 REVIEWING TEN YEARS

In December we published a remarkable new poem by T. S. Eliot, and we signalized 1928 with a February essay by H. M. Tomlinson on Thomas Hardy, whose death had recently occurred. Count Keyserling again enlivened our Spring Book Number for 1928 with an essay on the English, and the famous C. E. Montague in May presented us with a new view of Matthew Arnold. In August "Movies for the Classes" by Terry Ramsaye, Editor of the *Pathé Review*, started a series of double-page-spread special articles in the middle of the magazine. In December Christopher Morley was inducing many New Yorkers to "Seidel over to Hoboken" for performances seven nights a week of a stock company at the old *Rialto Theatre* on Hudson Street. He gathered no moss but contemplated Mistletoe!

AS THE OLD OFFICES LOOKED

WHEN WE entered upon our fifth volume, I invited our subscribers—in an editorial—to take a look into our offices as they were then laid out. In retrospect we may take that look again. Dr. Canby and Miss Loveman sat back to back near the Forty-Fifth Street window. Over Dr. Canby's desk a manuscript on parchment flaunted the holograph of Lord Dunsany. It was his essay on Charon, in red and black, done with a quill pen. It reminded Dr. Canby of his mortality, and of what some poet has called "The Infernal Ferry." But the reproduction of Augustus John's portrait of Thomas Hardy was Mr. Morley's property, and, before they cleaned the walls, Mr. Morley had written a Latin testimonial to that effect in lead-pencil beneath it. Mr. Morley faces the mortality of things in a rather more jocular spirit. In fact he used to make up neat epitaphs for everybody in the office and pencil them on the walls. But he doesn't dare do that any more! A tall empty bottle on his desk came originally from Berry Brothers, London wine merchants. You could read its label, "Eitelsbacher 1921er" or "Karthauser Hofberger, Wachstum, Hans Wilhelm Rautenstrauch." Mr. Morley kept it as a totem and souvenir. In the partitioned-off cubbyhole in one corner of the larger office you could hear the tap-tapping of an ancient Underwood. If you pried your way in, you were sure to startle Me, working in my shirtsleeves. My walls were covered with a miscellaneous assortment of etchings, broadsheets, and pictures clipped from magazines. I was then fondest of a barroom

(Sample Page, ¼ size)

THERE is Only One Way to get your own copy. It is given gratis to everyone who cares to send two (or more) Gift Subscriptions to the *Saturday Review.* The Special Christmas Rate of $3 for one year will obtain, by request of a Shakespearean Charter Subscriber, until *Twelfth Night,* Jan. 6, 1934. Send us the names and addresses of two (or more) friends whom you would delight to honor, and your remittance. A complimentary copy of REVIEWING TEN YEARS will go to you at once.

Address Subscription Department

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

25 WEST 45TH STREET

New York City

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Opposite St. Thomas's

By W. S. HALL

"Is this Scribner's?" asked a genteel old lady. The Christmas rush was on and she had just entered 681 5th Ave. "No, madam," replied the harassed but courteous assistant, "this is Duttons." "Well, I saw Duttons on the window, but I thought it might be Scribner's."

That I suppose is one of the penalties both stores must pay for occupying similar locations on Fifth Avenue, with confusion still more likely because of a church, in each case, just across the street. And come to think of it, for permanency on Fifth Avenue these past few years, churches and bookshops haven't done badly at all. Furs, jewels, antiques, perfumes, and milady's mules have had a terrible time of it; what with moving out and moving in one never knows just where to find them. So that it is rather reassuring to know if one is on the way to Scribner's that one will find it at number 597; that Duttons after a clear run of eighty-one years in business is still solidly entrenched at 681; and that even as this is written another distinguished bookstore some time absent from the actual avenue, has broken through from 47th Street to an Avenue frontage. Brentano's, of course.

In the *Boston Transcript* of April 2, 1858 appeared the following modest notice:

> E. P. Dutton having purchased the interest of Lemuel N. Ide in the late firm of Ide & Dutton, will continue the Book Stationery and Map Business under the name of E. P. Dutton & Co., at the old stand, 106 Washington Street, Boston.

That was the first appearance of a celebrated firm name in print. Mr. E. P. Dutton's own first appearance had occurred twenty-seven years earlier in the small town of Keene, New Hampshire. Shortly after, his father George D. Dutton moved the family to Boston, set himself up in the dry goods business, engaged young Edward Payson Dutton as junior clerk, and in 1851 sent him to Italy. His health had not been good. He returned to America stronger in body, and (no doubt to his father's surprise) with but one interest in life. He liked books.

In the meantime Lemuel Ide was bargaining with William B. Fowle. Fowle had built up a fair trade in school books and maps. He wanted to quit. Ide bought him out. Young Dutton met Ide and heard all about it. He wanted to come in. "Get three thousand dollars from your father and we'll be Ide & Dutton." "All right!" said Payson, and, after a short sales talk with his father—"here it is."

Ide & Dutton's first address was 140 Washington St., one flight up, one room, not many books. The next year (1853) they moved downstairs, taking over the bookstore of Charles Stimpson. The young partners were getting ahead. They published a book—Horace Mann's *Lectures on Education.* Payson wanted to build a publishing department; Ide didn't. Hence the *Transcript* ad.

E. P. Dutton & Co. now took on real momentum. In 1862 Ticknor & Fields offered the lease and good will of their "Old Corner Bookstore" for sale. Mr. Dutton bought it, acquiring, as he well knew, not only a prosperous, well-paying bookshop, but the favorite haunt of literary Boston at the time when Boston was the literary center of the country. Through the same transaction he came into possession, so to speak, of another valuable asset, Mr. Charles A. Clapp. Perhaps it was Mr. C. who turned Mr. D's eyes in the direction of New York, perhaps it was the other way round—it doesn't matter. At any rate in 1868 a "branch" was opened at 762 Broadway.

The branch idea lasted until the following year when the shop moved across the street to No. 763. All this moving around may have caused a bit of annoyance to another Boston house with a branch in New York—James R. Osgood & Co.—for shortly afterwards Mr. D. received a pleasant notice to the effect that Osgood would give place to Dutton in New York if Dutton would evacuate Boston. The branch became a tree.

The further high spots may be mentioned briefly—the move to 713 Broadway, corner of Washington Place and still fairly uptown at the time; the arrival of E. C. Swayne who had the effrontery to sail to London with a load of American books and who got away with it—time and again! The move in 1882 to 31 W. 23rd St., the establishment of a stationery department in charge of Charles A. Burkhardt, the coming of John Macrae, of Joseph Ascher Smith and later his son Henry Clapp Smith, the bold move in 1913 to the present handsome store at 681 Fifth Ave., "across the way from St. Thomas's."

Over this solid growth E. P. Dutton presided, until his death on September 6th, 1923 ended a career of ninety-two years, of which seventy-one had been devoted to books.

The publishing department and the bookstore became separate organizations in 1928. Books are published from 300 Fourth Ave. by E. P. Dutton & Co.; the bookstore is plainly Duttons, without the apostrophe, please.

Duttons occupies three floors of the building. The first floor and balcony are mostly books with a counter for stationery. Mr. Henry Clapp Smith has his desk at the very front with the glistening rows of bindings flanking him on the left. Mr. Drelincourt Martin has his desk strategically fixed in the center of the shop. At the rear, through a door which once swung from a pew entrance belonging to Charlotte Brontë, is a cozy little room harboring only rare and valuable books. Mr. Michaels admitted this qualification could be loosely interpreted when my astonished eye discovered two gaudy, skinny volumes for which I had been responsible. Otherwise everything was most pat and fitting. Especially THE CHAIR. I took a rubbing of its silver plates:

> This Chair was from 1859 to 1889 the Seat for Customers at the Establishment of Mr. JAMES ROCHE the well-known Second-hand Bookseller in Southampton Row London and among others the Famous Men whose Names are here inscribed have used it.

The other plates list the names—a distinguished roster. Dickens, Cruikshank, Mark Lemon, John Tenniel, Gladstone, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and others my rubbing didn't catch. M. invited me to have a seat in this association item but I felt overcome by an unaccustomed rush of modesty, and forbore. Mr. Donald Grant presides over this department.

On Friday afternoons the second floor is the place to be—if you can get in. Lectures are held in the Exhibition Room and "tickets are allotted in the order that requests are received." A Children's Series has just been completed with May Lamberton Becker discussing "Trends in Children's Books." Deems Taylor and Mary Kennedy opened the series early in November with Peggy Wood singing the songs. This Exhibition Room is exactly that: a row of prints by contemporary artists encircles—as far as possible—the room. There is another Rare Book Room adjoining the lecture hall and facing the street. This room is even less orthodox than its downstairs confrère, with Benda masks, pewter mugs, Staffordshire plates, the fountain pen with which Ibañez wrote *The Four Horsemen,* two chairs made for David Garrick by Chippendale, scrimshaw work, and old rolling pins competing for attention with an exhibition of Four Centuries of Children's Books.

The third floor usually finds Mr. Michaels competing with representatives from publishing houses. M. is a veteran of this form of friendly combat and bears lightly the scars of his former Womrath and Brentano régimes. When he isn't buying books he's selling them, his present idea—the Dutton Collegiate Reference Library—having all the qualifications of a "natural." I never knew just which were the nine most necessary books until I saw this selection; two dictionaries, English and Foreign, an atlas, the *World Almanac,* the *Oxford Companion to English Literature,* Bartlett's Quotations, Roget's Thesaurus, The Oxford Shakespeare (3 vols.), a Bible. Beginning the new year another idea, "Duttons Sunday School Library," will bring in, through the efforts of Mr. R. J. Whitehead, plenty of orders for a selected list of books.

The rest of the third floor is taken up by the business offices and, at present, greeting cards. I didn't intrude in the card section as the young attendants looked very alert and efficient and I felt they might sell me a card. I had bought my Xmas card.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED